

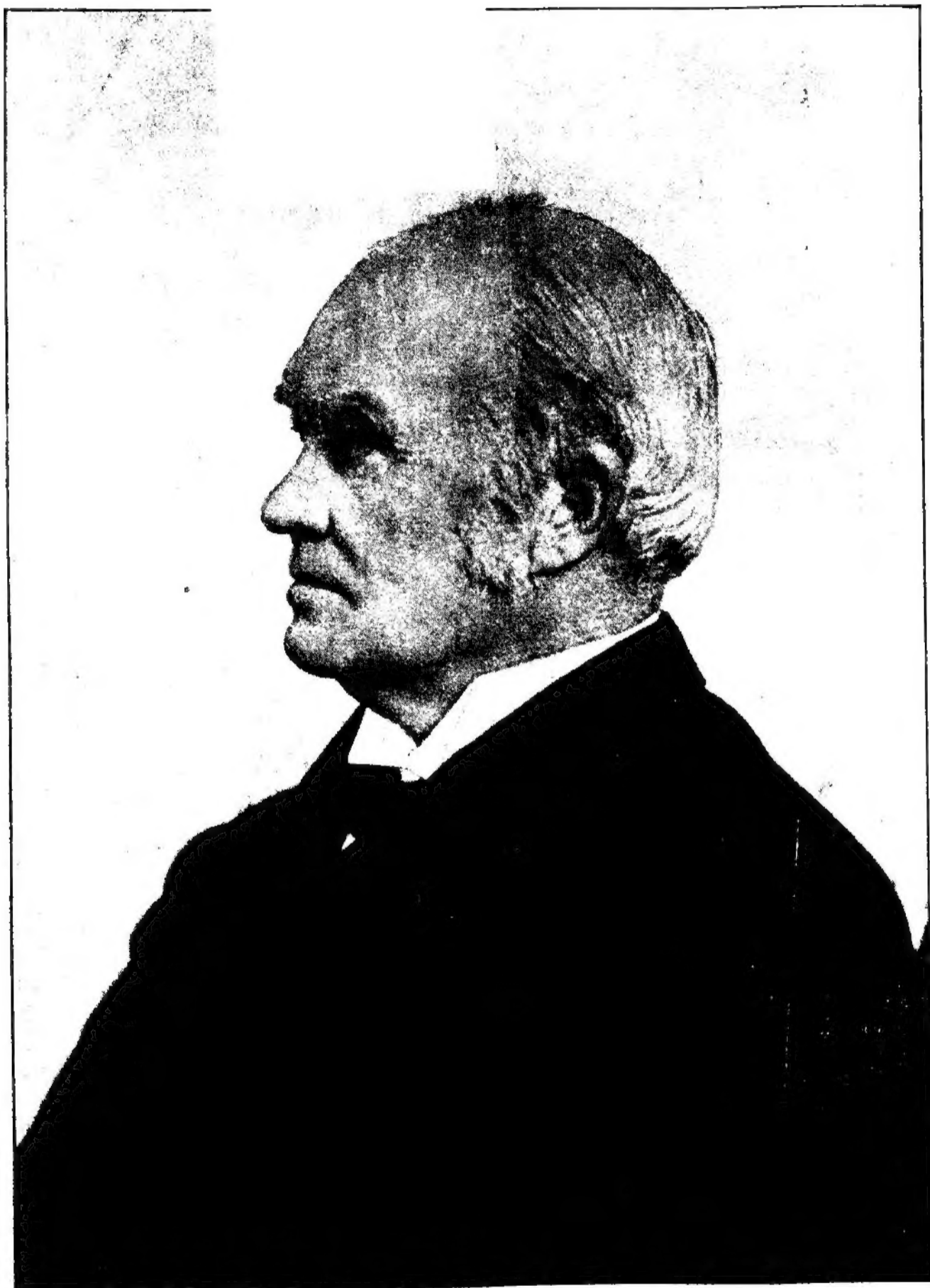
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THE HONOURABLE J. J. C. ABBOTT, Q.C.
PREMIER OF CANADA.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. VII.
JULY—DECEMBER, 1891.

MONTREAL.
PUBLISHED BY THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

REGISTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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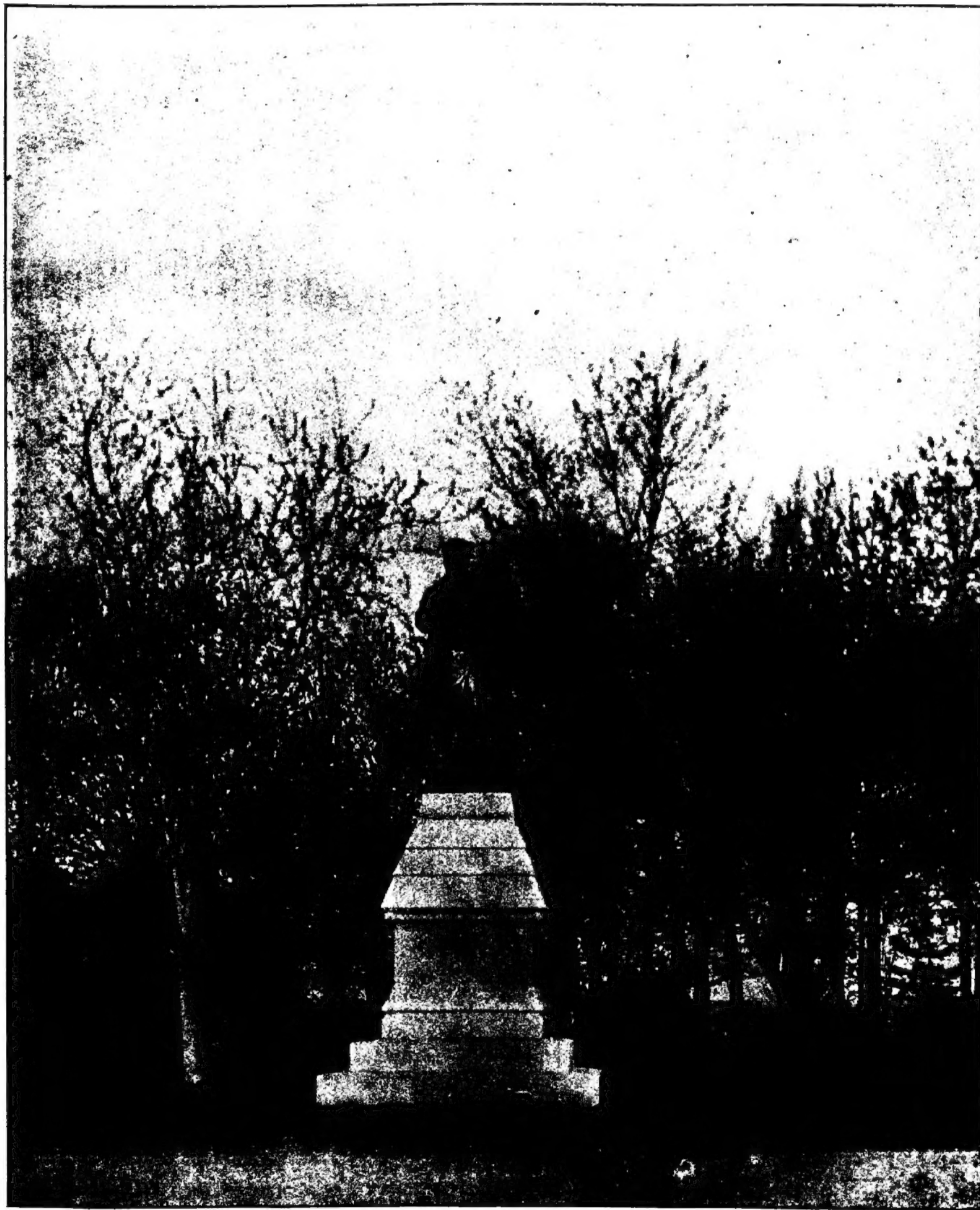
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED.

Vol. VI.—No. 157.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 4th JULY, 1891.

34 CENTS PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 6d. 6d.



STATUE TO THE LATE SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER, NEAR PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.
(Mr. G. R. Lancefield, Amateur photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO
RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.

WESTERN OFFICE:
4 King-street, East, Toronto, Ont.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

4th JULY, 1891.



Sir William Gordon-Cumming.

The stern and almost vindictive steps taken by the Imperial authorities in the punishment of SIR WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING will evoke much popular sympathy for that nobleman. They are unusually harsh and severe when applied to a man who has in past years served his country faithfully and well, and who, if guilty of the offence last charged against him, cannot be considered as anything worse than a victim to kleptomania. Had he been a man whose record was in any way questionable, or who had not to his credit the reputation of unusual courage and unusual devotion to duty and to the military service of the Empire, the curt intimation "that his name had been removed from the list of officers of the army, Her Majesty having no further need of his services," might not have occasioned any criticism; but in his case the record of previous service might surely have mitigated the pitiless rigour of his official sentence into a permission to resign his commission. In everything but the letter such a resignation would have been tantamount to a dismissal, while to the unlucky subject of the *dictum* much pain would have been spared. But the Government have evidently determined to do their utmost to shower disgrace on the unfortunate baronet, and in addition to the markedly cruel manner of dismissal from the army have removed him from the list of deputy lieutenants of the County of Elgin, heaping on the humiliation with no measured hand, and totally ignoring his previous unsullied reputation, his high social position, and, above all, his faithful services to the Sovereign. The lesson to SIR WILLIAM has been a terrible one, the punishment extreme to a degree; the only events with which he can console himself being his manly and courageous demeanor in court, his marriage to a noble-minded and devoted lady, and the cheering welcome given to him and his bride by the municipal authorities and citizens of his Scottish home, who, regardless of opinion as to his guilt, evidently consider him and his still worthy of respect and honour.

Radical Ethics of Morality.

In no instance has the inconsistency of the English Radicals come out more prominently than in recent events. The delinquencies of GORDON-

CUMMING received a good deal of attention in their hands; but the pursuit of that gentleman was absorbed in following the higher game of a Prince; and at him many of them barked their loudest bark. Led on—we regret to say—by ministers of the gospel, they have persistently attacked the unlucky principals in that memorable card party; and yet, at the very moment when all the abuse and carping criticism was at its height, we find a larger and influential section of their party actually nominating to a seat in Parliament a man found guilty but a short time ago of a far greater offence against public morals and public decency. Not only so, but he has also been presented with an address from the Liberals of Chelsea, bearing nearly 10,000 signatures, congratulating him on his candidature and probable return to public life. Unlike SIR WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING, who with all his faults was a good soldier and brilliantly served his country, the most prominent feature of SIR CHARLES DILKE's connection with the State has been his critical attacks on its constitution and system of government. It is a curious phase of certain minds that the lesser offences should receive from them every degree of opprobrium, while the greater and more revolting should be practically condoned, and its chief actor receives honour and adulation at their hands.

A Close Season in Behring Sea.

The enforcement of the recent convention between the British and the United States Governments prohibiting sealing in the Behring Sea this season, will undoubtedly lead to serious inconvenience and financial loss throughout British Columbia. But it will be evident to any one looking carefully into the matter, that the trouble will be but a temporary one, and that the future interests of the industry will be vastly benefitted by the definite understanding that will ensue between the two Powers concerned. There is no reason to doubt that the spring of 1892 will see the conclusion of the dispute, and matters so arranged that the Canadian sealers can pursue their lawful work without hindrance from any one. It is almost unnecessary to point out that for whatever loss our Victoria and Vancouver friends suffer they may directly thank the United States Government in general, or MR. BLAINE in particular, in asserting his extraordinary claim to jurisdiction in an open sea. True, LORD SALISBURY might have ignored their claims, and protected our vessels from any interference; but while this would have been the more patriotic policy, and would probably have stopped any meddling on the part of the American warships, there would always be the risk of some skipper with more valour than zeal attacking one of our vessels, and thereby acquiring a drubbing from one of the Queen's ships. War might ensue and a vast expenditure of life and money take place. LORD SALISBURY's policy of arbitration is probably the wisest—certainly the most pacific—that could be adopted. The fact of British Columbia being the province that will suffer most by this year's prohibition is, of course, due to its position; had the trouble been with the fisheries on the Nova Scotian or New Brunswick coasts, and a similar cessation ordered, they would have had to bear the loss. Liability to occasional interference or stoppage of ocean supplies—be they seals or fish—is a necessary adjunct of Maritime States. In this case the decision will probably be a final one, and will forever settle the question.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

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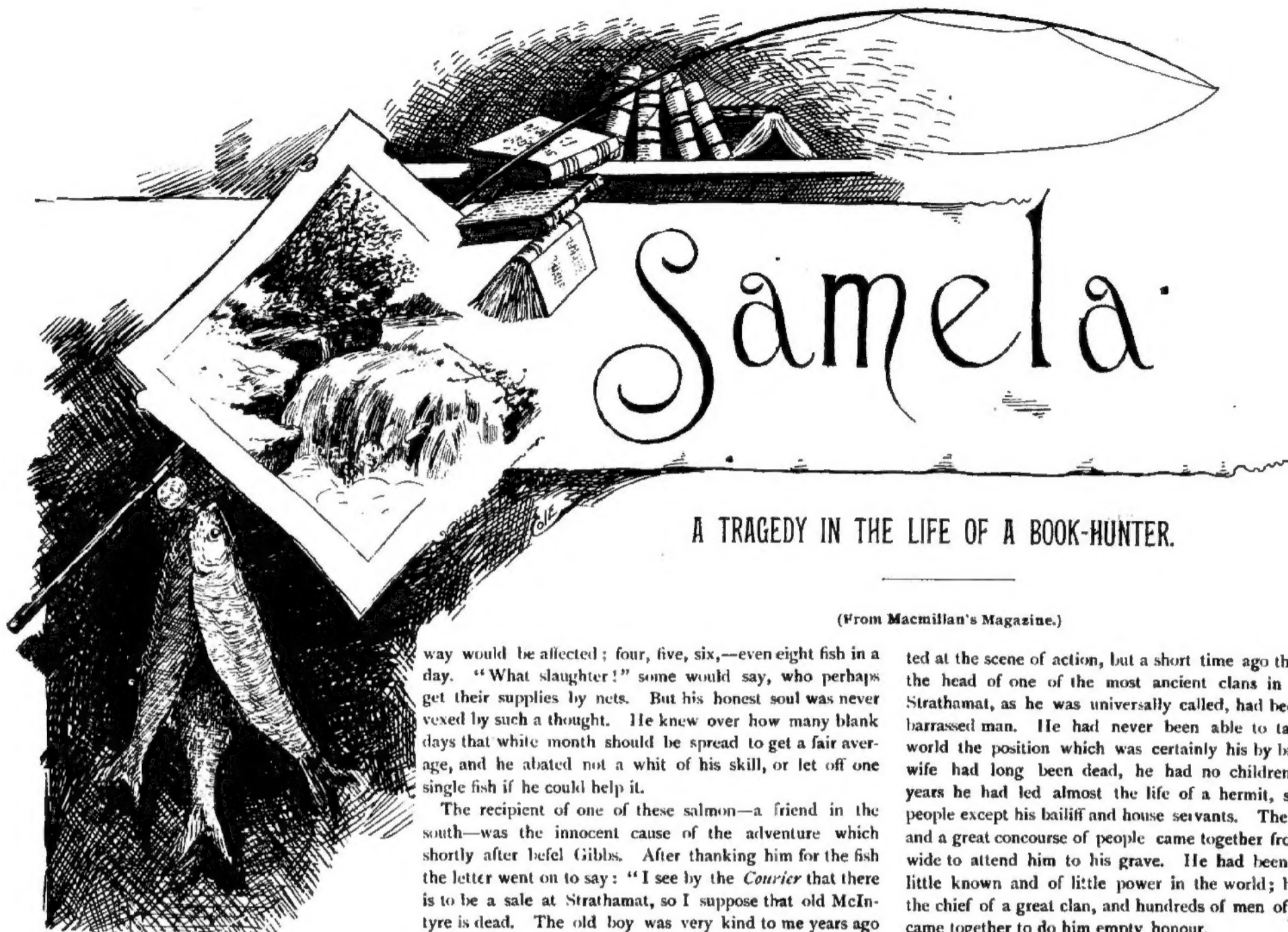
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The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

- 31.—What artist is mentioned who studied portrait painting in Spain?
- 32.—Quote a criticism on American State Secretaries.
- 33.—Where is mention made of insects with strong jaws and healthy appetites?
- 34.—On what page is mentioned a lecture by Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal?
- 35.—Who commanded a regiment raised in Canada in 1796?
- 36.—Quote a reference to the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 156 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April, May and June.



A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

Some ten or twelve years ago—the date is of no importance, or the exact place—an Englishman wandered down to the north of Scotland and invested some of his superfluous capital in a salmon river. Such an adventurer is often but poorly repaid for his enterprise. He generally finds that the water, which was low on his arrival, becomes lower during his first week, while for the remainder of his stay it is merely sufficient to keep the bed of the stream moist, and give the grouse something to drink. Or there is too much water; the river is running too big, and the fish make their way to quieter stretches above. And it now and then happens, when everything else seems right, that the fish are not up, or, if up, are able to find more profitable occupation for their spare time than taking artificial flies. In such wise the honest angler often makes his complaint. But this fisherman was more fortunate. During his month it rained a little almost every night, while four out of the five Sundays were regular specimens of Scotch downpours. It was very soothing, when lying awake at night, to listen to the drip of water on the roof, or the gurgle of a choked-up pipe in the yard—a lullaby to a fisherman on the dry north-east coast. On Sundays, too, clad in rain-proof garments, it was pleasant to splash across the hill to the little church, and listen to the minister holding forth to his small congregation of keepers and shepherds, translating, as he went, passages from the psalms and lessons for the benefit of his southern hearer.

This paper has nothing to do with salmon fishing, or it would be a pleasant task for us to give a minute and detailed account of the good sport which this Englishman—Mr. John Gibbs—enjoyed; to describe with accurate pen the skill with which he chose the temptations he offered to the fish, and the courage and prudence he displayed in the struggles which ensued. There is, however, something monotonous in continuous success, and it is just possible that the reader, after devouring with avidity the description of the first twenty or thirty battles, might then become a little wearied, a little sated, and wish for a blank day.

Gibbs eat salmon till he hated the sight of it, and he sent fish away to his friends to an extent which almost made the landlord think that the next dividend of the Highland Rail-

way would be affected; four, five, six,—even eight fish in a day. "What slaughter!" some would say, who perhaps get their supplies by nets. But his honest soul was never vexed by such a thought. He knew over how many blank days that white month should be spread to get a fair average, and he abated not a whit of his skill, or let off one single fish if he could help it.

The recipient of one of these salmon—a friend in the south—was the innocent cause of the adventure which shortly after befel Gibbs. After thanking him for the fish the letter went on to say: "I see by the *Courier* that there is to be a sale at Strathamat, so I suppose that old McIntyre is dead. The old boy was very kind to me years ago when I had your water, and used often to give me a day on his pools, which were very good. He had some wonderful books, and as you are fond of such things you should go over and have a look at them. He said they were worth a lot of money. There was one—of Shakespeare's—'Hamlet,' or 'The Merry Wives,' or one of those, which he used to sit and look at as if it were alive. I thought it was an inferior old article myself, but then perhaps I wasn't a very good judge."

Our fisherman was very fond of books, though so far as the great science of bibliomania went he was uneducated; a man who knew ever so much less about such matters than Mr. Quaritch might know a very great deal more than he did. But there must have been something of the blood of the old collectors in his veins. He could at any time spend a pleasant morning in poking about a second-hand bookseller's shop, and regarded with indifference the dust which settled on him in the course of his examinations. He loved the touch and feel of books, their backs and sides and edges, even the smell which hangs about the more ancient, seldom-opened specimens. A catalogue had a charm for him which he would not have found it very easy to give a reason for,—certainly not one which would have satisfied any of his friends, who were for the most part of the pure sportsman breed, and who would have as soon occupied their time in reading a grocer's or an ironmonger's list as a second-hand bookseller's. Gibbs did not parade his little weakness before these friends; he found them unsympathetic, with sou's above the arrangement of type and the width of margins. A large paper copy, or one with the headlines and edges mercilessly cropped, was to them a book and nothing more; they cared nothing for the work of the old printers, and you might call over the names of all the famous binders without arousing any enthusiasm in their minds.

"'Hamlet,' or 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' or one of those?"—what possibilities were opened up by these random words! Gibbs knew that the sale was to take place the next day, for his gillie (who was on the eve of being married) wished to attend it, to pick up something for his house, and another man had been engaged to take his place. Now the Englishman resolved not to fish at all but to go also himself.

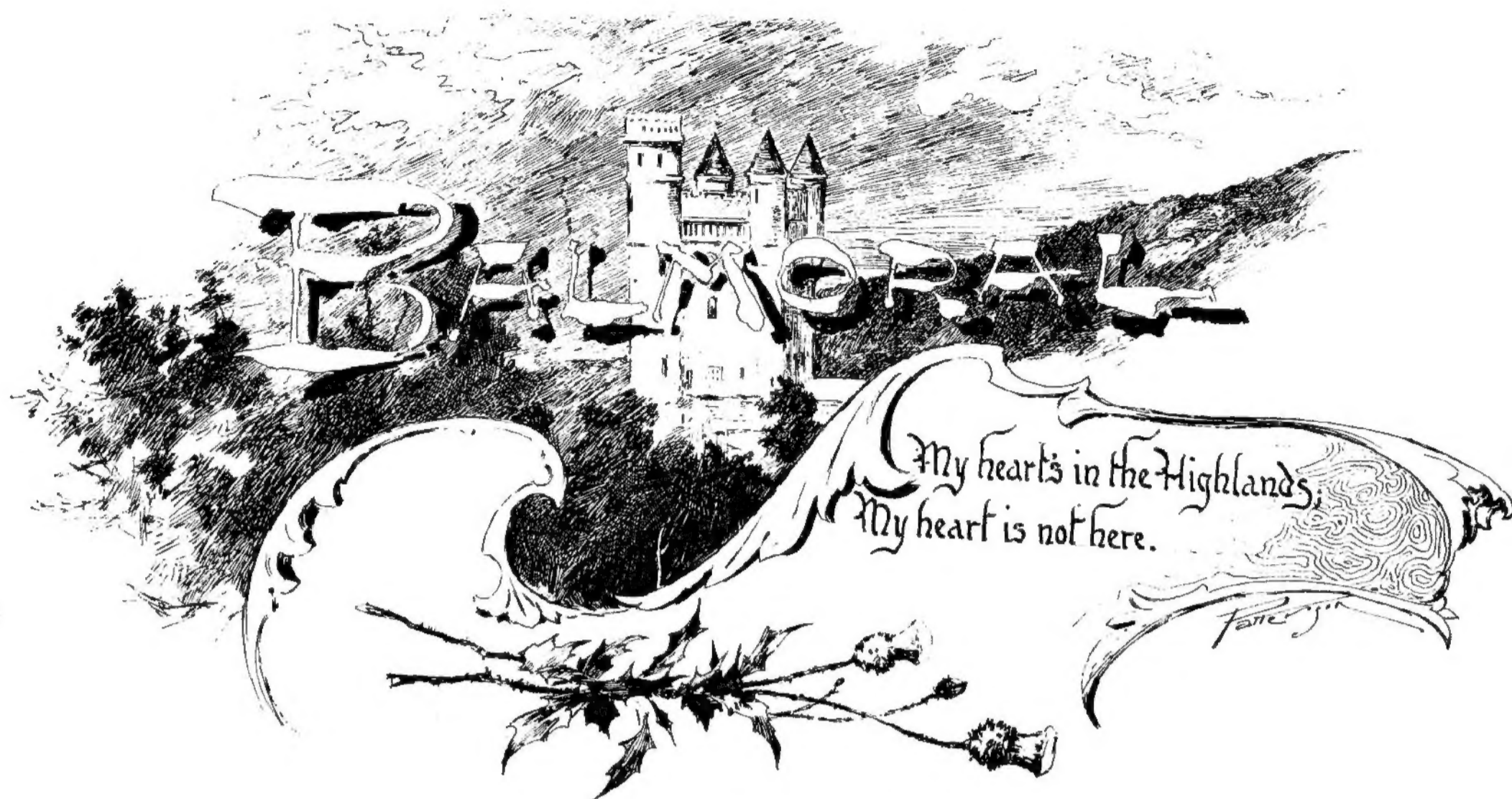
The sale was advertised to begin at twelve, but it was well before that time when the intending purchasers were deposi-

ted at the scene of action, but a short time ago the home of the head of one of the most ancient clans in Scotland, Strathamat, as he was universally called, had been an embarrassed man. He had never been able to take in the world the position which was certainly his by birth. His wife had long been dead, he had no children, and for years he had led almost the life of a hermit, seeing few people except his bailiff and house servants. Then he died, and a great concourse of people came together from far and wide to attend him to his grave. He had been poor and little known and of little power in the world; but he was the chief of a great clan, and hundreds of men of his name came together to do him empty honour.

The house had the usual desolate appearance which houses have at such times. People were going in and out, poking and measuring furniture, and laughing and joking as if a sale were the best fun in the world. The lawn in front of the house was littered with odds and ends; it seemed as if the rubbish of half the county had been collected there that day. Gibbs went into the principal sitting-room, a dingy, faded place; some of the bedroom furniture had been brought in to sell there, and half filled it up; the carpet was rolled up in a corner, and near the door the chocolate-coloured paper was hanging on the walls, where careless people had banged it when bringing things in. There had probably not been a fire in the room for weeks, and the air was heavy and mildewy. But Gibbs had no thought for furniture or colour, or even smells that day. Up against one side of the room was a long, low bookcase, and as he walked across to it his heart began to jump a little at the possibilities which lay therein.

The collection was quite a small one. Perhaps there were five or six hundred books in the room, the majority of which were unspeakably uninteresting. There were many old works on agriculture, a great number of theological treatises, Hume and Smollet's histories, a broken set of Rees' encyclopædia, and a common edition of the earlier poets; the bulk of the shelves were filled up with material such as this. But here and there in the last shelf examined were some books of quite a different kind, shining out from among their worthless companions as gold dust does in sand. It was plain that while the majority had stood their ground there for many years—perhaps ever since they were bought by their first owner—that the few had been well cared for, and had not till quite recently been in the bookcase at all. Some one, looking through the old man's effects, had found them in a drawer or cupboard, and had stuck them at random into the nearest shelf where there was room. There were several books illustrated by Rowlandson, the "Three Tours of Dr. Syntax," the "Cries of London," a fine copy of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Some of Cruikshank's rarest works were there; the first edition of "German Popular Stories,"—what a dealer would call a spotless copy, in the original boards, as fresh and crisp as if it had just been sent out from the publisher's office.

(To be continued.)



A land of purple mountains and solitary glens; of towering crags and thundering cataracts; of brown moors and rushing streams; of changeable skies, beautiful and terrible as the ocean. A people among whom patriarchal simplicity, and feudal devotion, and wild romance, still linger. A language that transfigures the simplest thought with the grace of poetical expression. All that is but a tithe of what we, Highlanders, see to love in the Highlands. And it adds to our loyalty—there is no denying it—that Our Most Gracious Sovereign sees highland people with highland eyes.

It was in the late summer of 1842—just one year less than half a century ago—that the Queen first visited Scotland. On both sides it was a case of love at first sight. The impressions made upon the youthful sovereign and the Prince Consort are recorded in the *Journal*. First, even before they touched land, the long, beautiful twilight charms them. Then “the grey metropolis of the North” exercises its spell. “Beautiful—totally unlike anything else I have ever seen,” writes the Queen; “and what is more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything he ever saw.” Then the flowing hair of the Scotch lassies—“a good deal of it red”—and the close-fitting mitches of the old women attract the royal eye; even the porridge and finnan haddies have honourable mention in the coronicle. Bye-and-bye, longer descriptions are given. “The view of Edinburgh from the road, before you enter Leith, is quite enchanting; it is, as Albert said, ‘fairy-like,’ and what you would only imagine as a thing to dream of or to see in a picture. There was that beautiful large town, all of stone (no mingled colours of brick to mar it), with the bold Castle on one side and the Calton Hill on the other; those high, sharp hills of Arthur’s Seat and Salisbury Crags towering above all, and making the finest, boldest background imaginable. Albert said he felt sure the Acropolis could not be finer; and I hear they sometimes call Edinburgh the Modern Athens.”

From Edinburgh the Queen went to the Highlands, and found mitches *ad libitum*, and kilts and highland ponies, and, above all, “the dear hills” and “quiet and liberty.” “The English coast,” she writes on her return, “appeared terribly flat. Lord Aberdeen was quite touched when I told him how I was so attached to the dear, dear Highlands, and missed the fine hills so much. There is a great peculiarity about the Highlands and Highlanders, and they are such a chivalrous, fine,

active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude, that had such a charm for us.”

In 1848 the royal family took possession of Balmoral. A simple, almost humble residence for royalty was the Balmoral of those days—in striking contrast to the magnificent seats of various highland potentates. Here is the Queen’s description of it: “There is a nice little hall with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Up-stairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) is our sitting-room, (formerly the dining-room), a fine, large room, next to which is our bed-room, opening into a little dressing room, which is Albert’s. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children’s and Miss Hildyard’s three rooms. The ladies live below and the gentlemen up-stairs.”

The estate of Balmoral was at that time the property of the Earl of Fife, who had obtained it from the Farquharsons of Inveray, long its possessors. In 1852 Prince Albert purchased the property; and, shortly afterwards, began the erection of the present castle. With that admirable taste for which he was distinguished, the Prince chose the Scottish baronial style of architecture for the new residence. Perhaps, if Canadian architects were given a chance, we might find *climate* and *material* taken into consideration in planning Canadian buildings. The Renaissance style of architecture, however beautiful in itself, is entirely inappropriate for cold, grey, hewn stone. The Romanesque is admirable for public buildings; but unless a stone of warm colour is used it is too grim and prison-like for the private mansion. The Scottish baronial style is specially appropriate for this climate and for the material in most common use here. At Balmoral two separate blocks of buildings are connected by wings, at the east angle of which a massive tower, thirty-five feet square and eighty feet high, supports a turret a hundred feet above the level of the ground. The royal apartments occupy three sides of the quadrangle; the Queen’s private room facing the west, and looking up the valley of the Dee on the wild pass of Invercauld. The property originally contained about ten thousand acres, but a deer park of thirty thousand acres was added by purchase of hill ground from adjoining proprietors. The region around affords some of the best deer stalking, grouse shooting, and lake and river fishing in the kingdom.

In the old Castle began the idyllic life which has been so often described. No state business was ever neglected. The Queen, from the first moment of her reign, was far too conscientious for that; and the Prince Consort was the very prince of workers. But business accomplished, the daily life of the royal family was simplicity itself. The Queen’s love for the Highlands, and the Highlanders’ love for the Queen, grew steadily. In Edinburgh they fancied that Her Majesty brought sunshine; all through Scotland fine weather is called Queen’s weather to this day. In the Highlands they discovered she had a “lucky foot,” and gave to that the credit of the magnificent stags—the “royals”—that were sure to fall whenever she graced deer-stalking with her presence. The Prince took lessons in Gaelic. The Queen herself records with all the enthusiasm of a discoverer that Hamish is the Gaelic for James, and that “Nis! nis! nis!” (the “Hip! hip! hip!” of a Celtic cheer) is pronounced “Neesh! neesh! neesh!” There are Highland games, in which certain chivalrous wearers of the tartan, burning to distinguish themselves in the eyes of their liege lady, overtaxed their strength and burst blood vessels, so that they are never again quite the same men they were. There are torch-light balls, and building of cairns and bon-fires; and there are long days of wandering among the hills. There are visits to the cottages on the estate, and friendships formed with the humble cottagers, whereby hang many tales. I am sure no one has forgotten the hotch-potch incident. Hotch-potch, one of the most popular of national dishes, is, as everybody knows, a soup which is almost solid with vegetables. Happening to enter a cottage where an aged dame was cooking the delicacy, Her Majesty, probably recalling her royal grandfather’s interest in the apple dumplings immortalized by Peter Pinder, inquired with much interest how it was made. “Please Your Majesty,” said the delighted o’ body, “I pit barley intilt (into it), and carrots intilt, and neeps intilt, and inguns intilt—”

“What is *intilt*?” interrupted the Queen.

“Please Your Majesty,” repeated the old woman, “there’s *barley* intilt, and *carrots* intilt, and *inguns* intilt—”

“But what is *intilt*?” asked the Queen again.

“Waes me,” said Goody *sotto voce*, “the Queen’s deaf!” And then she roared, “There’s *BARLEY* intilt, and *CARROTS* intilt, and *NEEPS* intilt, and *INGUNS* intilt, and *KAIL* intilt, and *PEAS* intilt.” And then, before the astonished sovereign quite

lost her head, the ubiquitous John Brown appeared upon the scene, and the mysterious word was translated.

Meanwhile (*Eheu fugaces!*) time does not stand still, and life is not all repose. The cannon of far-off battles echo in the peaceful glens, and the mighty conquerors, Love and Death, work their changes. "The Duke" dies, and has a noble tribute from the mistress he had so faithfully served. Pipes play and (tell it not to the prohibitionists!) whisky is tossed off, in honour of the fall of Sebastopol. Prince Charming comes a-wooing the Queen's eldest born, and a piece of white heather—the Highland emblem of good luck—"enables him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes." In 1856 there occurs this entry in the *Journal*: "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise; and so much more so now that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation—his own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere." Five short years, and the "dear hand" had vanished, and when next the Queen revisited the scenes of so much happiness,

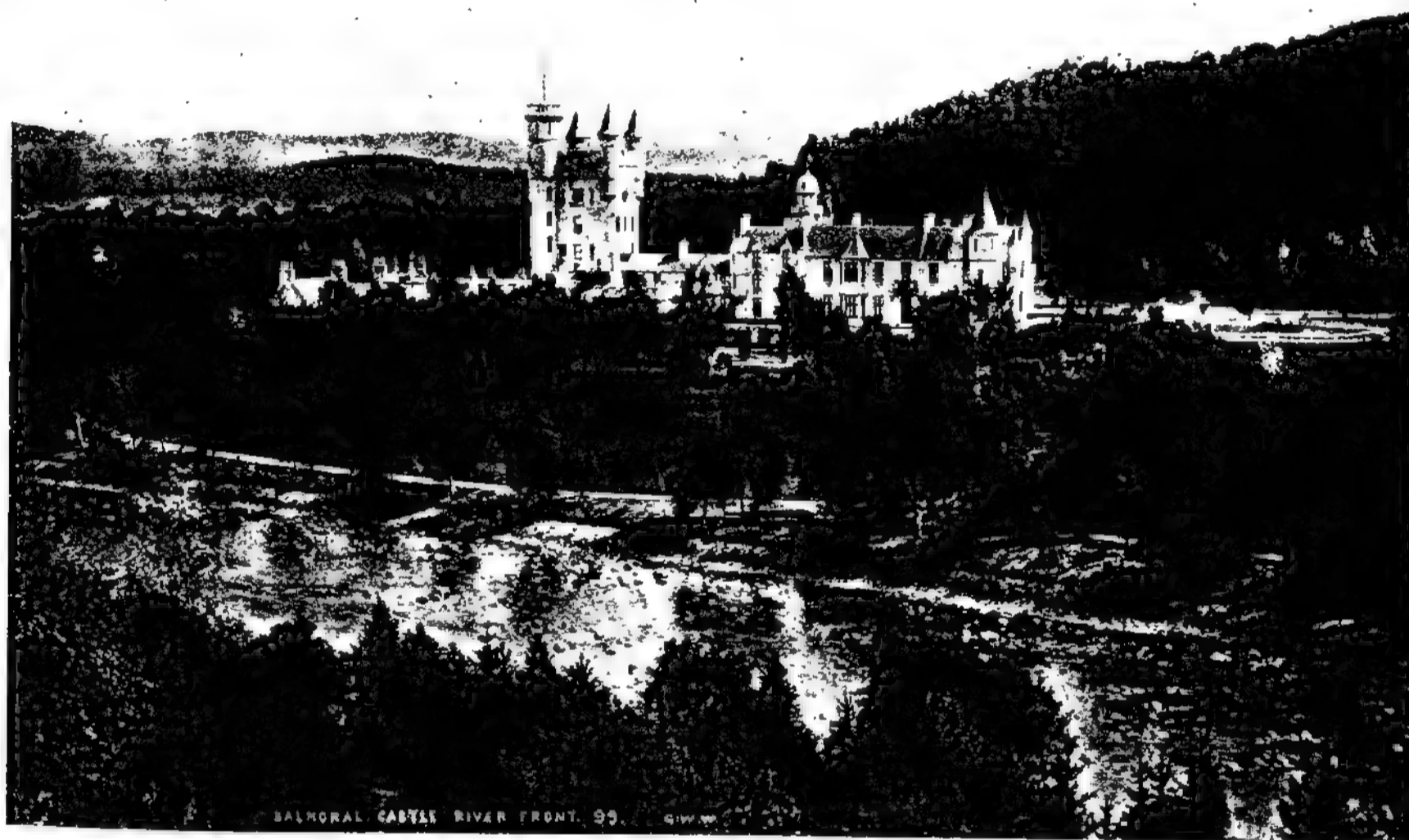
Such objectors, we take for granted, never heard of Duty—the "shadow" (to quote Gladstone) which "rises with us in the morning," and which "never leaves us till we leave the light of life." They never heard of Self-Reverence and Self-Control, the magicians by which noble spirits are touched to fine issues. And therefore such a life as the Prince's is as great a mystery to them as if it had been lived in some far-off star.

The Queen's devotion to the Highlands has been for some years a source of discontent to those of her subjects who, if they were not grumbling at that, would be grumbling at something else. Since the Home Rule agitation, especially, it has been affirmed that, had the light of the royal countenance shown oftener upon Ireland, the agitation would never have been. Certainly no one could wish to that generous and warm-hearted people less than their share of all the good things going; and in the matter of royal visits, they have not had their due. But does anyone seriously believe that the favour of a queen—or of an angel—would put a stop to Irish fighting? For one *casus belli* it removed, it would probably furnish a hundred. I

turn away and think of it no longer. The highland regiments, once the flower of the British army, find no volunteers now-a-days in the deserted glens. They are recruited from the purlieus of cities; and the "bonnets nod," the "tartans wave," over Bill Sykes from London and Paddy from Dublin. I am glad the old colours, for which our fathers poured out their blood like water, are safe in St. Giles'.

But the harm done to the people is as nothing compared with that done to the land. The older exiles may die of longing, but the steady heads and strong hands of their children go to the making of other Britains beyond the seas. But what will become of our country when her dark days come, and she has banished the sons that would have died for her?

What will become of our country, do I ask? O brothers! "many waters cannot quench love"—not all the waters that lie between the old home and the new. We would die for Scotland yet! The principle of loyalty is far too deep and sacred to be sacrificed to any feeling of personal grievance. The skies above us have changed, but nothing



BALMORAL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

it was to realize how exquisite may be the pain of remembering, even when we would not for all the world forget.

How the small souls of this world carp at greatness and goodness! My copies of the Queen's books have been a good deal borrowed; and in one of them—opposite the entry, "Albert played patience last evening," appears the remark, "Poor Albert! I guess he often did that." Of course I laughed when I read it; but, after all, does it not put human nature in rather a pitiable light, to know that it is an article of faith with some people that the royal couple were not as happy as they said they were—that the Queen was jealous and the Prince henpecked, and that all these touching records are mere gush and twaddle. Some spoken comments in reference to the Prince's early death are even more disheartening. "Well, 'one end happeneth to the wise man and to the fool,' he might just as well have had an easier time. So might the 'blameless prince' of Tennyson—to whom our prince has been so often compared—have had an easier time; so might the Lycidas of a diviner poet:

"Were it not better done as other use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nereus's hair."

am sure any fair-minded Irishman will confess that if the legend of the Kilkenny cats fails as a moral fable, it is only in sparing the tails. If our race should ever dwindle to that "last man," about whom there has been so much discussion, and that man should be an Irishman, the probability is that in the absence of other material, he will pick a quarrel with his shadow and fall in a duel with himself.

It is impossible for any lover of the Highlands not to lament the change that is fast taking place in the *morale* of the people. The qualities which I have claimed for them are still found among them, but unless some speedy remedy can be found for certain evils, I fear, they will soon be of the past. The greatest of these evils is forced emigration. The men who were the bone and sinew of the Highlands have had to choose between leaving the hills to which their hearts cling with a passionate love which no stranger can understand, and dying of starvation. Have you ever seen a picture by a Scottish R.A. representing a family group gathered on the deck of a vessel—their faithful collie beside them—looking their last upon the Lochaber hills? The story it tells is all too true; and people look and admire, and are touched by the pathos of it, and ask if you have ever happened to hear the beautiful song, "Lochaber No More;" and then

more. When a colonist from the old country goes in for annexation, or a Scottish-American millionaire fancies he has thrown off his allegiance as he has filled his purse, he thinks himself a worse man than he is; and were his loyalty put to other test than that of words, I believe it would come out triumphant. Let me tell you, in this connection, the story of the Trotters:

A good many years ago, when my home was in one of the Southern states, an American lady came to me one day and tersely said: "I have just seen two specimens of the Ancient Briton, feminine gender, in town. You must go and see them." On asking how she had recognized them, she enumerated certain signs which, she declared, were not to be mistaken: shapeless tweed garments, antediluvian bonnets, and an eye-glass, through which one of the two, halting in front of the principal hotel, had calmly surveyed the loungers. I went to see them; their discoverer went; everybody went; and before a month had passed they were known everywhere as the "dear old Trotters."

At that time they had a mortal antipathy to everything American, excepting, of course, their personal friends! Did a person do a rude or dishonourable deed, they pronounced it "so Amer-

can!" If asked how they liked America, they exchanged meaning looks, and then grimly said they "endured it." It says much for the kindness and good sense of the people among whom their lot was cast, that no one took umbrage at their remarks. It seemed to be taken for granted that their severest criticisms were to be understood only in a Pickwickian sense; and they were laughed at and, I think, enjoyed, accordingly.

When the dear old Trotters were not abusing things American, they were generally lauding our own royal family. They belonged to that large class who think it a pleasure and a privilege to know what the great ones of the earth, when behind the scenes, say and do, and even eat and drink. I remember the surprise with which I heard Miss Griselda—the younger of the two, but the chief speaker—announce at a certain hospitable board, that the Queen's favourite dish was batter-pudding, and that she had it on the best authority that Her Majesty *had one for supper every night!* The announcement was received with a roar; and a charming girl, fresh from the pages of *Waverley*, said it was just what she would have supposed, and then asked who would have accused the Stewarts of such a taste. A young editor gave us his views on the origin of folk-lore, and won a smile from the charming girl by asserting that the nation's opinion as to Her Majesty's prosaic nature had crystallized into the myth of the batter-pudding.

Some years later I met the Trotters in Edinburgh; and it really seemed as if in their transatlantic wanderings they must have discovered the fountain of youth. Of course they never referred to their age, but at the time of their appearance in the United States they were popularly supposed to be on the shady side of sixty. The charming girl, after adding together the different terms of twenty years which, according to their own account, they had spent in various places, said a hundred and sixty. However that might be, the shapeless garments and large bonnets had been superseded by trim jackets and jaunty hats; and the elder, who had a sharp, bird-like profile, had cut and frizzled her front hair.

At the opening of the Forestry Exhibition we sat together for an hour or two on the balcony of a Princess street shop, waiting the coming of the royal party; a series of false alarms and Miss Griselda's lucubrations helping to pass the time. One never knows what to expect from humanity; but I should have said the Trotters were the very last persons in the world to become indoctrinated with republicanism, and that Miss Griselda in particular would have been broken on the wheel before she confessed there was anything in Great

Britain inferior to anything in America. Nor did she in words concede this. American democracy, she made bold to declare, reduced the highest to the level of the lowest; British democracy was to elevate the lowest, not only to the rank, but to the culture and refinement of the highest. Volubly, and with gestures that drew upon us a great deal of attention, Miss Griselda sketched her plan. Royalty was to go. Hereditary rank and privileges were to be abolished. Deer forests were to give place to arable acres and lowing herds. Crofters, literally, and fishermen, figuratively, were to live in clover. No Church was to be established, yet religion was to be the dominant principle of the state. Everybody, in short, was to live happily forever after; with the one exception of the Irish Nationalists, who, Miss Griselda declared with a blood-thirstiness that surprised me, must die the death. The Prince of Wales was to have exactly the same chance as any of the millions of his fellow-countrymen to rule. Miss Griselda did for a moment consider whether it might not be a gracious and graceful act to elect him first president, and had just decided emphatically it would never do,—when distant cheers brought her remarks to a close. The carriage of the royal party passed so slowly that we had time to scan carefully every member. A moment of silence—the silence not of disaffection or of indifference, but of intense feeling—was broken by a perfect thunder of cheers, renewed again and again, and finished off, as far as our part of the crowd was concerned, by a ridiculous little squeal, performed in tones strangely familiar.

Alas that theory and practice should walk so far apart! The dear old Trotters were waving their handkerchiefs wildly—tears were streaming down their faces—and the late orator was the source of the squeal! "Let no one mention republicanism in my hearing," she cried, turning fiercely upon us. "It is nothing but treason!"

And so, like Plato's *Republic* and Sir Thomas Moore's *Utopia*, the Trotters' democracy ended in smoke.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

A. M. MACLEOD.

The installation of Rev. Herman Adler, Ph. D., M. A. as Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, reminds us that Rabbi Adler is a strong supporter of total abstinence, and gave much important testimony to Dr. Norman Kerr in the matter of the non-intoxicating qualities of the Jewish wines used in religious ceremonies and in ordinary life.

In Study and Camp.

[SECOND PAPER.]

In my first paper I remarked upon the delight with which one lies awake in camp, listening to the slumber song of nature, the sweetness of whose voice almost defeats its own intention. I am now going to say that, after all, camp thoughts and study thoughts are not so different as we might at first imagine. The difference lies chiefly in our mental attitude. Men are verbs, ever doing or suffering, or, at least, they are *forces* whose energy is either actual (kinetic) or possible (potential). Dreaming by the camp fire at midnight, we are passive verbs, our energy is potential, not kinetic; and we enjoy, as though we were strangers, the conversation of our own thoughts, or rather the music of the *Lieder ohne Wort* that possess the soul. In the study, on the other hand, we are usually kinetic and active, and, like a smoker, cannot appreciate the odor of our own mental cigar. Instead of developing *heat*, our machinery expends itself upon doing *work*, and our time is taken up in recording more than in enjoying our thoughts.

The astute reader will probably perceive that I am only saying in other words what I have already remarked, that men do not commune with Nature in the wilderness, but with themselves; and of course everyone will know that Coleridge has been beforehand with me with the couplet:

"O lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our lives alone doth Nature live."

What grand men we would have been had not our great predecessors stolen our best thoughts!

I wonder what charm there is in night that men who are dullards in sunlight are so brilliant under the stars. The mind has its owl-thoughts that hoot at midnight. Under the Nicol prism of the gas or lamplight the soul is polarized, and glorious rainbow colours flash at night through the thinnest thought section that was dull enough to our minds at noon:

"Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a schoolboy's paper kite,"

to change the image.

This quotation, or rather the poem of Longfellow's, from which it is taken, reminds me of something I have long been wishing to say. There is a great opening for a man—as the shark said to the swimmer he took in out of the wet—who will publish a book of poems "to be read at evening only." Longfellow has given us something of the kind in his "Voices of the Night;" and it seems to me that some poems can properly be appreciated only after sunset. Strictly speaking, poetry should be read with the mind and important surroundings much as they were with the poet at the time of writing, or, at least, as he would have desired them to be.

I wonder, says Holmes, if anything like this ever happened? Author writing:

"To be, or not to be; that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobl——"

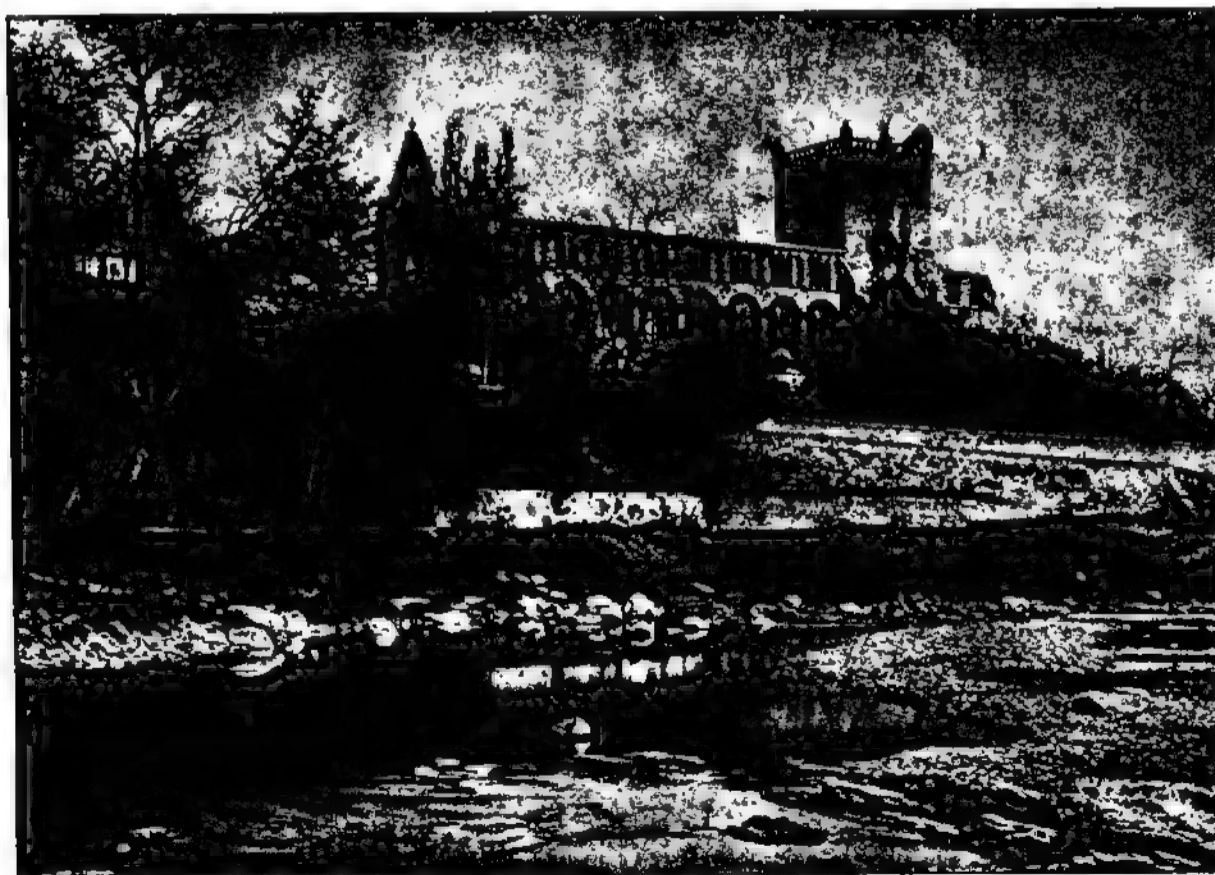
"William, shall we have pudding to day, or flapjacks?"

"Flapjacks, an' it please thee, Anne, or a pudding for that matter; or what thou wilt, good woman, so thou come not betwixt me and my thought."

Circumstances such as these are not favourable either to writing or reading poetry, and are not included in the above recommendation.

Anne, who hath a way of her own, had the last word, of course, which you may find in the original, and it is worth finding, for it is characteristic of her sex. The race of Spartan mothers, who will say "with your shield or on it," is not extinct, but its members resemble angel's visits. How we moderns fear our womenkind when we are wronging our physical natures by overwork! They rarely consider wrongs to the mental nature half so serious as those to the body, which is probably a scientific result from motherly attentions given during measles, croup, *et hoc genus omne*. If we abort a poem instead of carrying it full time and labouring sharply at the end, that is little to them, provided we can eat and sleep well. They wonder sometimes why we can love our work as we do—more women than we wot of are jealous of their husband's pen—but do not we labour with our thoughts; and may not we love the child of our pains as well as they?

I speak with many exceptions in my mind, among them one whose sweet face is often opposite me as I write, and on whose hand, that lifts the recent page with keener interest than the hand of any other reader, glistens the plain gold



JEDBURGH CATHEDRAL.

band that made it mine. And thinking of this exception makes me ask if ever the unknown sorrows of the wives of literary men shall be made known, the pining heart with the smiling face, the grief that sees the husband at his best only in his writings, and the pangs of the divorced soul that could have been his mate had he ever laid down his pen or closed his book to welcome her? Ah! Psyche, Psyche, ever seeking Cupid! Have you ever read, dear reader, Carlyle's remorseful tribute to his wife, or Byron's bitter words,—

"'Tis just six years since we were one,
And five since we were two;"

and do you know that Bulwer Lytton is accused of having thrown the carving knife at his wife, varying the monotony of his domestic felicity by sundry gifts, said in the vulgar tongue to be more plentiful than certain small coin of Her Majesty's realm? It is not always right for a husband to "go to Goosebridge," as Boccaccio's story has it; and surely it is not always the woman who is intractable. It requires two natures for incompatibility;—"action and reaction are equal and opposite," says Newton.

It is the unspoken griefs that kill. Let me commit the egoism of quoting some lines of my own from a long poem to be finished and published, probably in the Greek Kalends:

"The poets sang not of her. Poets sing
Least when the heart is deepest moved, for song
Wants calmness for perfection; else it breaks
Into wild rhyme or incoherent speech,
Like bitter grief that hath not any voice,
Or speaks in sobs, or like a joy divine
That silence keeps or rounds itself in tears."

I was speaking of the influence of evening upon the mind when that little quotation from Longfellow led me aside, as a rustling in the underbrush draws us from the forest path. But with your permission I will return to the influence of the hour upon the soul.

If the mind has its owl thoughts that hoot at night, and its nightingales that sing in twilight thickets, it has also its larks that sing best at dawn. Many writers claim that they do their best work in the morning, when mind and body are refreshed by slumber. On the other hand, you doubtless recollect the English divine, whose name I have forgotten and am not going to hunt up—for although I am writing in my library I am not pulling my books about as much as you may think. That wise man, after an experiment in early rising, declared he would never try it again, for he "was conceited about it all morning and stupid because of it all afternoon." I think it a shame, however, that we of the city should reject the pleasures which Nature offers us, even among tiles and chimney pots. We rise early enough in the country or camp, but how many of us have willingly seen the daily miracle of sunrise in town?

"A thousand notes
From glad bird throats,
In the east a flushing of dawn;
A glister of dew
In the sky's pale blue;
Faint stars and a fading—"

What rhymes to dawn? Here is a pretty example of the trials of a poet. The poetess slipped along with no more hitch than the sunrise, until a rhyme was needed for "dawn." I expect she puzzled her head for a while, at least I hope she did, before she accepted such an unpardonable rhyme—or rather no-rhyme—as "moon."

Many a time have I seen the dawn, but I could count on my right hand fingers the dawns I have seen from city windows, except at the call of an inexorable fate. Once

"Fancy and the might of rhyme
That turneth, like the tide,"

as friend Lampman has it, kept me long hours at the desk, time, that was made for slaves, thundering at my door unheeded. When the child of my fancy was born, I went to the window to still the tumult of thoughts that, now the task was ended, were whirling like an engine that has been disconnected from the mill machinery, and lo! the day was breaking. This was one of my city dawns.

But what dawns I have seen in the country or on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay! It would weary you to hear them described, at least by me, and yet one or two occur so forcibly to my mind that I must unburden myself even at the risk of being prosy.

Imagine a vast lake into whose clear depths one might look several fathoms, and whose shores are chiefly formed of rugged, precipitous hills crowded into the water, as it were, by more stalwart companions behind; mantling

forests the rule, but here and there a lichened exception, rounded and rocky, like the skull of father Time, who has beaten there in vain. A few valleys, waist deep with grass, probably hollowed from some limestone bed amid the Laurentian gneiss, run down to the water and afford glimpses of young poplar groves wherein is heard the whirr of a partridge or seen the grey flash of his body. At one end of the lake, where our solitary camp is pitched, there is a wider valley, with meadows and oat fields in its bosom, but which is lost again on all sides in hills and forests, or shores to another and gloomy lake.

Imagine, further, that it is night, and that the blaze of the camp-fire has built up a wall of impenetrable darkness about us, as one thought or sensation excludes all others. Out from this darkness comes the ripple of the lake waters, the intermittent hoot of an owl, and the bleating of a lamb lost in the mountains, or the cry of a calf. Tiny grasshoppers "flop flop" against the canvas of the tent, and the stealthy tread of a bear in the woods near by reveals itself by an occasional crackle of dry twigs.

Then, the oblivion of sleep with all these influences at work.

And then imagine the waking and the lookout from the tent door. The grass is grey with dew, and we shall leave emerald tracks in it as we walk. A faint film of phosphorescence seems to be over all nature. Yonder are the mountains, under their nightcaps of mist, indistinctly visible. There is a fleecy quilt of mist over the lake, and there seems to be no sky, only a faint hanging star or two. Everything seems disembodied and eerie, as though we were looking at it with a dead man's eyes, in the light of the knowledge that comes when this mortal shall put on immortality. The light is like that which must penetrate a shroud. By and bye, day's rosy, baby hand steals up the bosom of mother earth, and skyward. Then follow gleam after gleam of light, like an army returning with glittering spears from war. They are returning from the battle with night, and their spears drip blood, or are heavy with golden spoils. Then comes the sun, the *Bonnet Rouge* of Nature's revolutionary forces. How red his shield hangs in those early hours. And how grand he looks! Like many men, he is great and threatening because of the depth of atmosphere through which we regard him, and when he has got to noon, and is exerting his powers most advantageously, he will seem ever so much smaller. But then we shall have to look at him through smoked glass to see him at all, as we fix the smoky glass of our intelligence upon some Sun of genius; and thus measure him.

How the lake throws off its mist gown and the mountains uprise to meet the sun! That was a dawn in the Gattineau region. Another dawn I well remember was one I saw in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, out of sight of land. The great waters were rolling easily, and the early sunlight owed its glory to fleecy clouds and the sides of the swelling waves, as well as the vast expanse of whale-path, as the oldeniers called the sea. Besides, it was the first day of the week, and the sun always puts on an especial glory for his own day. That was many years ago. I remember sitting all day on the bridge (except the hour I spent on my back in my bunk), reading "Heat as a mode of Motion." Dull reading, my friend! Not so, I assure you. Is this dull?

"The stone avalanches of the Alps are sometimes seen to 'smoke and thunder down the declivities, with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer, while the 'snowflakes descend so softly as not to hurt the fragile 'spangles of which they are composed; yet to produce, 'from aqueous vapour, a quantity of that tender material 'which a child could carry, demands an exertion of energy 'competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest 'stone avalanche that I have ever seen, and pitch them to 'twice the height from which they fell."

In the study of science it is the molecular rather than the molar world which astounds us. The astronomer has had the public ear long enough. How he rolls his tongue about the interplanetary distances, 93,000,000 of miles to the sun, "two million radius of the earth's orbit," to the nearest stars (say 186,000,000,000 miles), and how he expatiates upon the size and velocity of the planets, and so on! But when we realize that the rushing together of the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen in quantity to make nine pounds of steam develops energy enough to raise 47,000,000 pounds one foot high or throw a one pound projectile over half way to the sun (ignoring the decreasing power of the earth's gravity in the calculation, and also the increasing attrac-

tive power of the sun) we may well consider the molecules the true wonders of the universe.

Atoms and molecules are probably strange names to many of my readers, and yet, perhaps, not to so many as I may think, for science is no longer the property of wizards and cloistered men, but, to a greater or less extent, the mental pabulum of all. Have you ever considered the profound meaning of this fact? How bitterly eloquent yet shallow-minded divines attack science at every step of its progress, as though nature is not God's bible equally as much as the book which has come down to us. "The laws of Nature are the thoughts of God," a reverent scientist has said. The Romish Church is not alone entitled to the discredit of having been a persecutor, of having made more martyrs than it ever canonized. Every history has its dark ages, and every church has its evolution. Without desiring to court controversy, I may say that few of us know how faithless all churches are proving to what were once considered vital portions of their creed. Think you that all Presbyterian fathers believe their babies have possibly been damned in advance by the Creator "for his own glory," or that when we of the Church of England repeat the Athanasian creed we unflinchingly believe that the rest of the world is doomed. "I believe," said a friend to a dear old Scotch lady, noted for her strictness of creed, "that you think everyone in the parish will be damned, except yourself and the minister." "Aweel," was the reply, "I hae ma doubts about the minister."

Science is the quicksand of error. It swallows up a few truths occasionally, which are always recovered, and it is not without its dogmas, founded as much upon faith as any in the Church, but it has so few formulæ that it is exceedingly plastic, and moulds itself to newly discovered truths much more speedily than theology. Theology and Science are the Conservative and Liberal politicians of the universe, the one holding fast that which is good and the other proving all things.

It is worth while pondering certain truths lurking in and about these figures. M. Hubner estimates the religions of the globe at 1000, of the followers of which 400,000,000 are Christians, and 992,500,000 non-Christians. The Buddhists are in the largest number, 500,000,000; Catholics next, 200,000,000; Brahminists third, with 150,000,000; Protestants, 110,000,000, and Greeks and Mahometans with 80,000,000 each.

Ask a dozen men how large the moon appears to them at a given instant, and you will get nearly a dozen different replies. Is there no lesson in this for the theologian?

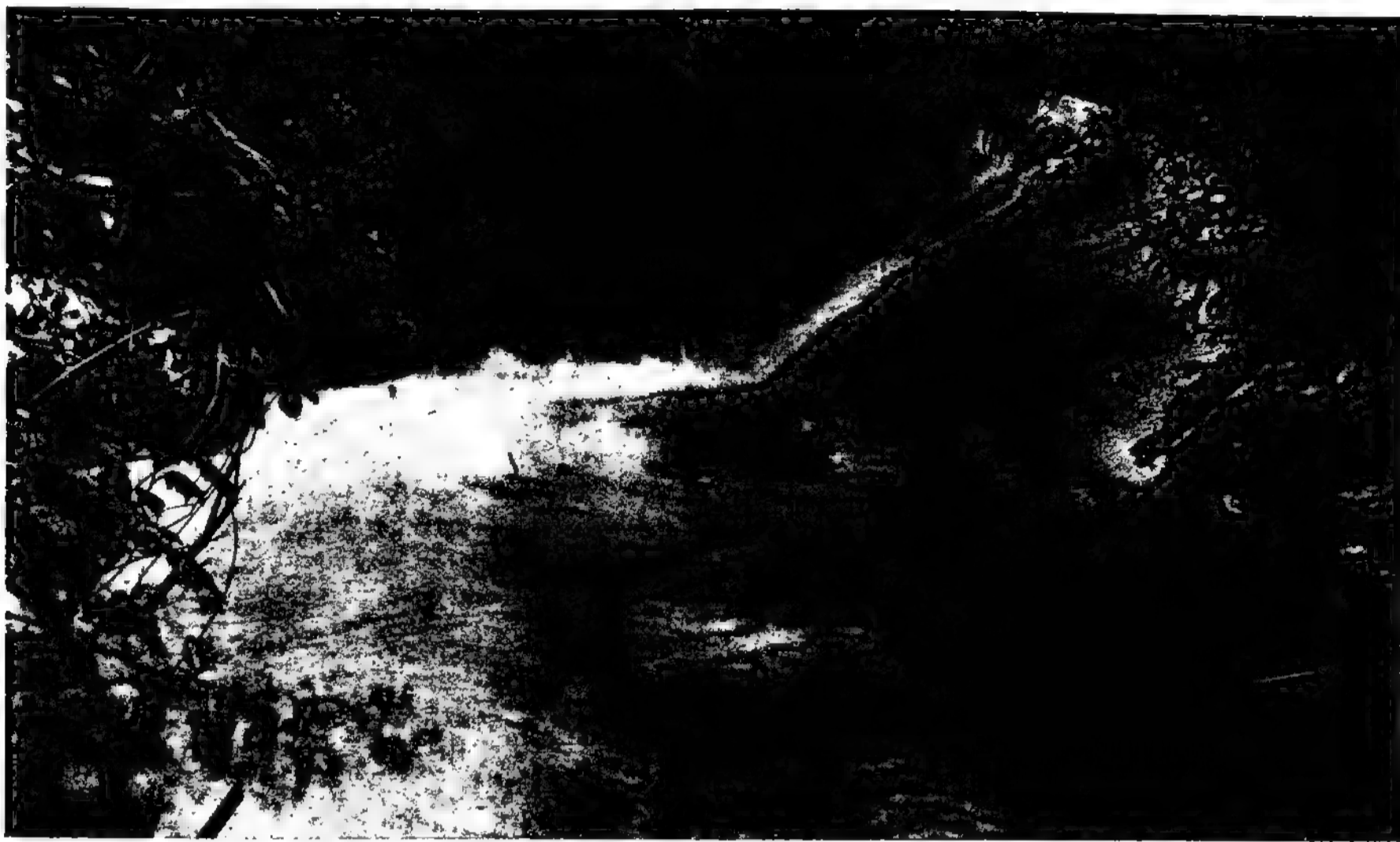
I have spoken of science being founded upon faith, which may astonish some "freshman" in the university of nature. Nevertheless, it is true. Upon what but faith in the immutability of natural laws do astronomers calculate future eclipses and conjunctions, or chemists follow certain processes in analysis. Mathematics? I do not call mathematics a science; it is merely the handmaid of the sciences. But, perhaps, I am prejudiced, since I found the little handmaid difficult to woo. Certainly, however, our data in measurements, either of weight or length, rest upon faith. We cannot prove, but must have faith in the constancy of the units of space or force, for weight is another name for the force of gravitation. "All reasoned-out conclusions," says Herbert Spencer, "must rest on some postulate." When we trace our knowledge, actual or spiritual, back as far as we can, we find ourselves in a mist of the unknown and unknowable, as Arthur G. Pym of Poe's phantasy approached the south pole, to find it shrouded in a cataract of white ashes, out of which flew birds of dazzling whiteness, which we may metaphorically regard as our *Scientific Truths*.

ARTHUR WAIR.

The defenses of Portsmouth, England, which is one of the most important naval depots in the Old World, bid fair to be the strongest of all the ports in the British possessions. The total number of guns now in the forts of Portsmouth is 103, consisting chiefly of seven-inch and eight-inch Armstrong breechloaders. Two of the forts have 19 of these, two have 22, and one has 21. Besides these heavy guns a large number of field and machine guns will be distributed in the forts, while 28 howitzers, six-inch and eight inch, are to protect the spaces between the forts on "pivots" in the line of defense. In addition to these a quantity of thirty-two pounders, fitted with breechloading action, will be used to protect the gorges and flank ditches, firing case shot. The second line of defense consists of the Hilsa lines, and contains 28 guns, chiefly four-inch breechloaders, which are very powerful weapons.



MADONNA AND CHILD.
(From the painting by Grosse.)



THE POOL BELOW THE FALLS, DUNDAS CREEK, LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR —AND ITS— MIGHTY TROUT.

When I was about to cross on the Canadian Pacific Railway for the first time, I asked President Van Horne, who is very fond of giving his friends and distinguished strangers sport, where I could get the best fishing. He told me the Nepigon, and the Steel River, which runs into Jackfish Bay. Both rivers run into Lake Superior on the north. But I found that the fishing on the Nepigon required thirty miles canoeing and portaging from the hotel and the nearest point on the railway: while at Jackfish, the nearest point for the Steel River, there was no hotel at all. And Schreiber, which was a divisional point, had two or three hotels, but was inland from the lake, and had no famous trout river.

Then a Hudson's Bay agent told me that he believed that there was a hotel at Peninsula Bay, right on Lake Superior, and that the Monro River, famous for its gigantic trout, was only four miles off along the line, and therefore accessible by the hand car.

I wrote to the postmaster of Peninsula, a town which consists of a railway station, a store and post office combined, a hotel and a washerwoman, to ask him if there was a hotel, and if so to engage rooms for us—our party consisting of myself, my wife, Miss L., and Captain Hudson, late of the SS. Sikh.

I got a letter back from the hotel proprietor, a very modest letter, in which he said that he had never thought of accommodating tourists, that his hotel was a very humble affair which he had opened for the accommodation of train hands: but that it was clean, and if we would put up with hardships he would be glad to take us, and that he would charge us a dollar a day. After we had been there a day or two I told him that he ought to have charged us two. It was a plain two-storey wooden house, clean as a new pin, and an enormous Irishwoman, who acted as cook and housekeeper, really was very motherly and obliging. It is true that the supply of meat was open to chance. One day there was an accident on the main line, between Port Arthur and Peninsula, and for the next day or two canned meat and cabbage and bacon was all we got, when we did not acquit ourselves creditably with our rods. But after the first day we got all the fish we wanted.

I went to Peninsula for the lake-fishing. The big lake trout, which run up to forty pounds weight, come into the shallow water towards the end of the Fall, and then the trolling season begins. But I found that though Peninsula has a beautiful land-locked harbour, there was not a single boat in the place.

However, two Indians with good canoes, great sportsmen, were reported to have erected their tepees at the mouth of the Monro River, five or six miles away, and, taking a rifle on the chance of sighting one of the bears which had come down to the lake shore for the berry harvest, we started off on the hand car. When we reached the rather inaccessible spot at which the river runs into the big, dark, wild lake—Gitche-Gumee—Big Sea Water, we found only bones and ashes; the Indians had moved on. We were momentarily relieved in our chagrin by finding the fresh trail of a bear, which had been rioting in a splendid patch of wild gooseberries—sweet and tasty and almost as dark as a Morella cherry. But we could not find Bruin, so we tramped wearily back to Peninsula to send a telegram to Port Coldwell to get one of the trolling-fleet there, fine big sail-boats, to come round to Peninsula and take us out every day while we were there.

When we went to the station-master to ask him to telegraph to Port Coldwell (eleven miles off—one of the great fishing-stations of Lake Superior for the lake-trout season) it was about sundown.

"What do you want a boat for?" he asked; "Why don't you go down to the Dundas Creek; it's only a quarter of a mile down the track, and the roadsman catches beauties there sometimes."

"Will they rise to a fly?"

"He uses nothing else though folks take them with a grasshopper quite often."

The grasshoppers had most of them gone to bed, but we managed to catch a few by patting them with a stick and picking them up while they were stunned, and we took some red and white flies, the ones commonly sold at the Hudson's Bay stores on the north shore of Lake Superior.

The Creek crossed the line, so we could not miss it. We could go either up or down, but the big fish lay under the waterfalls.

The Lake Superior waterfall is a species all to itself. There is no Niagara-like impact of a mass of water leaping over a precipice. The waterfall is over a sloping boulder. Things run large about Lake Superior—the lake itself in length, breadth and depth, and the boulders which surround it are on a par in this respect. One sees boulders of the bright red stone, characteristic of the north shore, fifty or sixty feet long, twenty or thirty feet through. Every now and then one of these gets jammed lengthways in the sloping bed of the creek, and the water rushes over it like a big sheet of glass, into a hole two or three feet deep below the lower end, usually hemmed in more or less with smaller boulders. The creeks are in most places thickly fringed with small trees, which add to the angler's task severely. We went down stream till we came to just such a pool, with a big rock jutting out into the stream on one side of it, from which one could throw a fly—an utter impossibility from the banks themselves, which were a regular brake.

We fished steadily for about an hour and caught nothing; I climbed up on to a ledge of rocks above us, which commanded a view of the lake, to drink in the glorious prospect. I had seen few pieces of scenery like this.

In front of us was the beautiful island-studded harbour or bay of Peninsula, with the vast expanse of Lake Superior beyond; on my left lay the big cape, nearly surrounded by water, which gives the place its name and which once had a busy town under its shadow. On my right was a long line of lofty islands horizoning the sunset, and the crimson glow with its warm light was imparting an unearthly beauty to the sea of gigantic red boulders, which had every cranny filled with wild cherry or blueberry bushes, such blueberries as I never saw before, as large as grapes, and seeming to spring straight out of the moss, so little stem or leaf had they. The fierce gales of Lake Superior dwarf every tree and plant, and this seems to give increased vigour to the fruit. The blueberries were so thick and so grapelike in their fecundity of juice that the ladies could not go to the troutpool without staining their skirts, and I seriously thought of starting a factory for blueberry wine to compete against the not very brilliant (grape) wine of Niagara. Poetizing over the scenery was not without result, for walking along to a ledge of the rock that commanded a view of the creek just below the waterfall where the others were fishing, I saw a sight to make an angler's heart beat a tattoo. Where the deeper water met the shallow, clearly outlined, even with the fading light,



PENINSULA HARBOR, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

in the clear gravel-bottomed stream were a pair of gigantic trout, the real brook-trout, the most prized fish, after the Scotch salmon, which swims fresh water.

I hastily slid down the embankment to my rod. The others had quitted in disgust the jutting boulder below the water-fall; I hastily occupied it, dreading a shout of excitement and an invasion from them. But they had not seen the monsters. The stream was strong enough for there to be no fear of the fly sinking, and I had a mere stick of a rod, with no reel, and quite likely to break at the first severe strain. It only cost twenty-five cents at the Peninsula store and post office. We had come there, it must be remembered, for lake-fishing, to troll with sea-trolls for the mighty thirty and forty-pounder lake trout, who keep fifty and sixty feet down. We had only fallen back on this creek because there was no boat at Peninsula.

To make as sure as I could of not losing my fish if I managed to hook one of these monster brook-trout, which looked every ounce of three pounds, I knotted my line firmly round each of the three pieces of my rod, preferring not to trust the miserable little brass rings let into the cheap cane of the rod.

The trout lay nearly thirty feet farther down the stream than my rock. I had about fifteen feet of line at the end of my rod, and started operations by holding the rod nearly perpendicularly and then sloped and stretched it more and more as the swift current swept the fly down to the trout. There were so many little eddies and currents from the rocks in the stream, that I had to make a good many casts before I saw the exact place to drop the fly for it to drift right on to the fish; and they would not chase it. Either they were sluggish (the weather was getting cold and the season nearly expired, for breeding time was approaching) or else it was getting too dark for the fish to see.

I was just getting desperate when I made an unusually successful cast. The fly got caught in a nice little ripple which ran right over where the big trout lay, dark, and fat as a carp. Bob, bob, bob, right up to his nose. He gave a lazy snap at it, and I struck just that moment, for he didn't look as if he cared enough for it to take much trouble about it.

I felt as if I had had a galvanic shock. There were too many roots and boulders to let him have his head and tie the line up in a knot, so I held his head up as one holds up a stumbling horse, trusting to Providence that the wretched twenty-five cent rod would stand the strain. It bent like a mole-trap, but it did not give way for many a day afterwards.

"Hudson, Hudson," I shouted; "the landing net; I've got a whacking fish on."

"Got a snag!" he called out scornfully. But he came, and fairly screamed with excitement when he saw what a beauty I had towing the line round the pool, with its nose up on the surface of the water, which it was lashing into ripples and foam, showing the silver of its sides and crimson tint of its belly, as well as its dark, strong back. It was a game fish, but the tackle stood the strain. The rod I have described, and the line was really too thick for throwing a fly captivatingly, but it was all I could raise in a place that devoted itself to lake fishing.

Round and round the pool that stately fish steamed, towing my line and flogging the water with his strong tail,

but I held him up, preventing him from fouling the line in a snag and gradually he got more exhausted and I was able to work him into a little bay behind the rock on which I stood, where Capt. Hudson slipped the landing net under him.

He was one of the grandest brook-trout I have ever seen. A couple of inches more and he would have been two feet long, and when we got home and weighed him, though he was a little bit out of condition, for it was so late in the season, he scaled over four pounds, so deep in the belly was he. His flesh was a beautiful, rich salmon colour, and he showed all the colours of the rainbow on his belly when he was first caught.

My fly was uninjured, for I had hooked him through the cartilage of the upper lip, so as soon as he was landed and hauled up the bank in our excitement lest he should slip back into the water, I threw out my line for his mate, a somewhat smaller fish, which had darted away down stream when he was caught, but which had come back to look for him when the water got quieter, while we were despatching him on the bank, as I could see by the dim outline at the edge of the shallows, in the gray light of the dusk so rapidly changing to night. This fish, perhaps because it was alone now, or perhaps because it was growing darker, was not so suspicious, and charging the fly as it drifted towards it, swallowed it boldly, and then we had another terrific tussle. It was lucky for me that the fish was well hooked, for I couldn't see so well what it was doing and didn't handle it particularly well, and it managed to twist the line round a branch with a broken twig that overhung the water. But Capt. Hudson, pulling out the big knife which, sailor-like, he carried, cut the branch away, and the fish had pretty well exhausted itself in its efforts to get away when hitched up to

the branch, so it was pretty plain sailing afterwards. This fish scaled about two and a half pounds, and was not so handsomely marked as the other.

I have been talking about them as if the big handsome fish was the male, and the small one the female, but as a Natural History Fact I am not quite sure that the reverse is not the case.

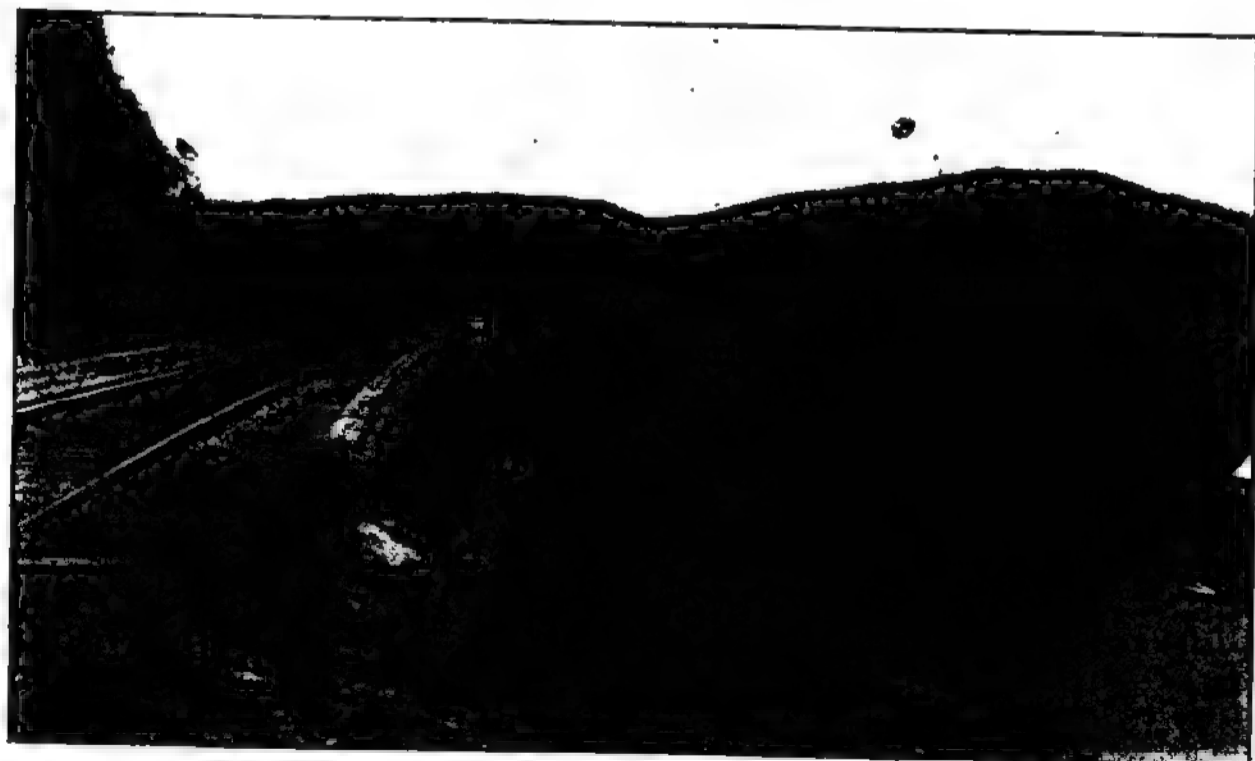
That night with these two big fish—it was too dark to go on fishing any more—we enjoyed quite a Roman triumph as we filed up past the railway station and the post office store to the hotel kitchen to scale our prizes, and they made a very acceptable addition to the canned meat, which was the corollary of the railway accident.

The next day, as in duty bound, we returned to our creek, morning and afternoon, and caught a few insignificant trout, till evening approached, when once more the big fish began to come up stream. I dare say we saw six or eight that evening and caught three, and so it was every evening—two or three fish running from a pound and a half to four pounds. I never saw such a splendid average.

After the third day we learned that for some particular reason, the particular hour to fish this particular creek at this particular season of the year was sunset, and devoted ourselves to the other enjoyments of the place during the day. One delightful ramble was to follow the creek up towards its far away source in the hills, past numbers of the queer boulder-waterfalls, over a kind of rock-strewn Scotch moor, in which the grape-like dwarf blueberry took the place of the bilberry, and wild cherries and high bush cranberries flourished round deep delicious pools of running water fit for a Naiad, and harbouring some small trout.

Another along the railroad track led to the famous Monro Creek or River, with its magnificent trestle bridge, the largest timber bridge in Canada except the Red Sucker trestle. This Monro Creek is, after the Nepigon and the Steel River, the most renowned trout river that runs into Lake Superior from the north shore. It is famous for the big trout above its first fall, but as we could catch more than we could eat in the little creek a quarter of a mile from home—the monsters described above—we saw no good in going four miles farther. There is a big sort of gorge here about a mile wide, which I never saw rivalled for wild fruit. It was here that we came upon the unparalleled patch of luscious, crimson wild gooseberries, which the big bear had just vacated. And here the wild red currants were sweeter and wineier than any garden currants. Blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, cranberries, high-bush and low-bush, wild cherries, sugar plums, partridgeberries, all were huge, luscious and omnipresent. I never saw such a tangle of wild fruit. Below the railway embankment on the north side there is a fine place for a camp, protected by the embankment and the gorge from the wind, on the dry raised bank of the creek, and free enough of trees and bushes to discourage mosquitoes.

Only thirty-five miles from Peninsula is the Jackfish Bay station of the C.P.R. It takes about a couple of hours in the train, which leaves at 6.15 a.m., and leaves Jackfish on the return journey at 9.30 p.m. At Jackfish is the famous Steel River, the second on the north shore in its repute for



THE "RED SUCKER" TRESTLE, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, NEW PENINSULA HARBOR.

trout fishing. President Van Horne, of the C.P.R., generally takes his guests there, but one has to trust to the good nature of the station master for accommodation, while Peninsula has a hotel from which one can go away fishing in the Steel River all day and come back at night. There is a fine sweep of Lake Superior visible from Jackfish. But the only hotel commanding a view of Lake Superior on the whole north shore is at Peninsula, which makes it pleasant for ladies and children, who cannot always be going away on expeditions, and this place has the further advantage for children of a beautiful sandy beach.

Those who are of a romantic turn of mind need not go to the hotel. There are still some habitable shacks standing right on the lake shore (the hotel being in full view of the lake, but half a mile up hill.) These shacks (huts) are the remains of quite a considerable town with dozens and dozens of saloons, where hundreds of men drank, and gambled, and fought in the "construction days" of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The work of carrying the line round the north shore of Lake Superior was terrific. There was so much heavy 'cutting' to be done through the prodigious cliffs and boulders which dominate the lake shore—one section cost \$700,000 per mile, and unless minerals are found can never be very productive. But to the lover of the picturesque this following the wild shore line of the great lake is glorious. Not since the Caribou Rush in British Columbia, a generation and more ago, had there been such wild scenes in Canada as at the 'construction' town at Peninsula. Now the whole of it is dismantled and many of the buildings pulled down for the deals of which they were built. But there are still some that would do for camping in, which one can hire for a mere song from the storekeeper, a Yorkshire man, named Harry Wilson, who keeps all kinds of stores that one would want for roughing it.

One stormy day when the creek was too full for fishing, we went down to the harbour's edge to see this dead town, reminding one of a murderer's ghost. The gale whistled through the broken windows and the rain poured through the half-stripped roofs. Only a single house was inhabited, and that by a 'natural.' But one garden still had a glowing patch of sunflowers. We tore ourselves away, and amid the driving wind and rain climbed the nameless hill three hundred feet high, which forms the peninsula and commands Lake Superior as far as the eye can see. It was hard work, the wild fruit bushes were deep and tangled, and often there were broad sheets of bare, slippery stone. But at last we stood on its brow—ourselves, a 'Cambridge' man who was down on his luck and sewing in the store, and a photographer from White River, Mr. Forde, who rambles all the summer through round the noble scenery of Lake Superior taking views. He took a view of the lovely land-locked bay, showing two of our party in the foreground and the breakers whitening against the island in the background, and another from the hotel when we got back. The gale was so fierce that we could hardly stand on the top, and the great lake, "The Big Sea Water," was lashing its capes and cliffs, as I have seen the Bristol Channel lashing the long succession of capes and cliffs from Tintagel westward. When Lake Superior is angry it is as fierce as any sea. The air was simply superb. But we saw no signs of fair weather. And when the next day came and it rained as hard as ever, and the creek was too full for fishing, we packed up our traps and went on to Lake Nipissing to try the fishing there.

I forgot to mention in its proper place one charming morning we had. Behind the town there is a sort of common—an open heath once covered with forest often frequented by partridges. We tramped over this with a dog and guns, but the partridges were not on view. However, about a mile away, hidden in a wood, we came upon a most delightful lake, a shallow, reedy stretch of water a couple of miles long, wooded all round. Knowing that its shallow waters would be warmer than the icy depths of Lake Superior, and having no bath in the hotel, we stripped and bathed at a place where there was a little island with sunny patches of smooth stone not many yards from shore. The intervening channel, picturesque with bulrushes, was of a depth in which one could just swim, or might wade on the soft mud, screaming with laughter when one seemed like sinking too deep; and once out on the island one lay on the stones and had a delightful sun bath, while the reeds kept off the wind.

I know of no more delightful place to spend a summer than the north shore of Lake Superior. All the places mentioned are on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Montreal and Port Arthur, and it is something to find accommodation, clean though simple, in a

place where one can land lordly fish and watch the greatest of all the world's lakes in its swiftly-changing moods.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

These illustrations are all from photographs taken by Mr. John Forde, of White River, Ontario, with whose permission they are reproduced.



The Newest Mantles—The Sheath Skirt—Death by Misadventure—When Will People be Careful How They Take Medicine?

The newest mantles are becoming rather simpler in their construction than what we have lately seen or been accustomed to. They may be of the thinnest materials, such as lace or embroidered gauze, or of real, useful warm homespun, but for the present the cut will be the same. Of course the thinner the stuff the more ample should be the mantle, as nothing looks worse than for lace, or such delicate fabrics to be worn tight or skimpy. For this I give a French design that I have just received from Paris, which can be carried out in woollen material, silk, or lace, with equally good effects. It is cut in one, the material left for the shoulders being full on outwardly. It is very pretty to make these frills of black lace to correspond with those round the neck, and further to carry the lace trimming down each front. The back may be made with a pointed *empiement* or long V-shaped piece covered with black lace, and reaching to the waist; or, it may be quite straight like the front—either is fashionable. The tailor-made mantle, as it may be called, being the favourite cut now used by Redfern, is very plain, and neither fits to the figure at the back or in front. It is only suitable for woollen fabrics, and is decidedly a useful shape for travelling, or for every day morning wear. It is also like the last, cut all in one. If anywhere, there may be a seam made down the centre of the back, but in the very wide cloths, this even, is unnecessary.

The sheath skirt is the subject of my second article and is the very newest way in which such things are made. This is how skirts are cut off woollen materials that are of double width. The width is now taken for the length, and a piece of the stuff is folded across in two halves. The fold mark, or middle line is placed exactly in the centre of the front of the skirt. Take each side straight round to the back, and let the top corners of each be folded in till you leave only enough round the waist to allow for two darts or seams that may be required on each side to make it fit close round the hips. The lower part or hem of skirt should not exceed three yards and a half in circumference, and there is only one join in the stuff, which is up the centre of the back. The proportion as to fulness should be, that the top ought to be about two yards less round than the circumference of the hem. The dotted line shows about the place where the smoothly laid sides end, and the small pleat or fulness of the back begins. You will find when the corners are folded

in, as mentioned above, that you will have large corner pieces to cut off so as to make the necessary slope in the back of the skirt. Of course you will have to round off the tail or point of the skirt, so as to make it rest about two inches on the ground. For skirts made of narrow-width stuffs, there are in all eight seams, and all are gored. They are arranged thus, three down each side, one in the front, and one in the middle of the back, like the above. Dresses will no longer have foundations, and one of the best London dressmakers told me the other day that the skirts are all being lined quite flatly with silk—a soft surah—instead.

Death by misadventure may be the verdict given in the case of two very fatal and serious accidents that have lately happened by which people have unnecessarily lost their lives, but if the jury had said "Death by stupidity or carelessness," they would have been nearer the mark. A worthy old lady relative of mine declares that there is really no need of there being accidents. That it is always found to be from carelessness—in fact that "someone blundered." Well, truly in nearly every case that comes under notice, mischief generally originates in want of common care, forethought, and the most ordinary kind of common sense. When people have to use dangerous combustibles, is it not imperative that their use should be hedged round by the most severe and stringent restrictions and conditions? If their use entails immense danger should people not be taught every remedy that can be devised in case of any so-called accident happening? Yet how few, particularly amongst the poor classes, who daily and nightly use large quantities of explosive mineral oil in their lamps—are taught the quickest way of extinguishing the burning fluid if one of the lamps gets knocked over. Not in literally "adding fuel to the flame," by pouring water on it, which combines gladly with the spirit, and merely adds to its volume. The only weapon is a blanket or thick woollen cloth laid on it, and crushing it out is the only way of destroying the fire. Had poor Lord Romilly but thought of this, he might have been alive now, and his suffocated servants also. But why do people wait until a ghastly accident takes place to move in the matter?

Equally difficult to answer seems to be the question, when will people be careful how they take medicine? In this I regret to say that men are the most to blame. They go to their shelf, table, or chimney piece, take up the first medicine bottle to their hand, and drink off some of the contents, without looking at the label, and by no means always pouring the dose out into a glass. Can they wonder that such terrible consequences occur as happened to Lord Otho Fitzgerald, and lately to Lieutenant General Crealock? It is very rarely that a chemist is to blame in not putting the usual labels on bottles, of "Poison," "For outward use only," etc., etc., so that before anyone, who does not take up a bottle with distinctly suicidal tendencies, goes to take physic there must be some phenomenal stupidity if bad results ensue. If people would but take the trouble to know a little more about what they allow their medical men to doctor them with, they take the first step in learning to guard against mistakes, besides saving themselves from being unnecessarily upset with drugs that do not, from their own experience of them, really suit their constitution. Also let them keep lotions, hairwashes and liniments in some place widely separated from mixtures and draughts, and never by any chance go to take any medicine in the dark, or out of a bottle without first pouring it into a glass. They will be wise who make a point of having their prescriptions explained to them by the physician, and what effect they are to look for from the remedy given. Also that in keeping prescriptions they should each be marked at the top with the complaint it was given for; thus they can be used another time. The bottle containing the mixture should have a similar inscription made by the owner. These are very small things, but they will save much unnecessary trouble and misery if they are used as precautions.

Almost Bursting With Talent.

Great Architect.—Good morning, Mr. Suburb. Think of building another house?

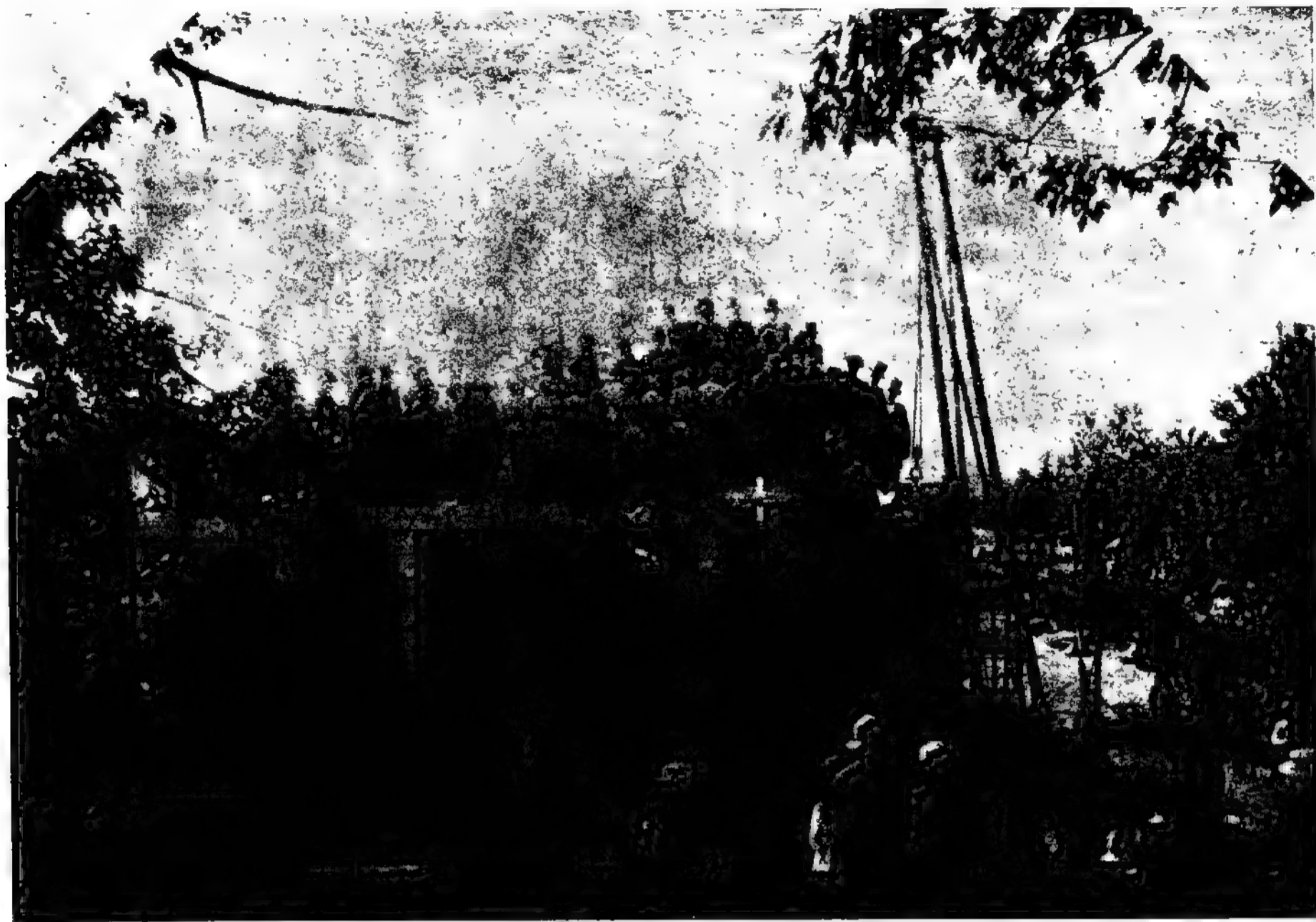
Mr. Suburb.—No; I called to inquire if you wouldn't take my son as a student in your office. With the right training, he'll be a fine architect some day.

"Has he shown any marked talent for architecture?"

"Talent? He's overflowing with architectural talent. I wish you could see the hencoop he put up for me last week."

"Humph! What is there remarkable about it?"

"He designed it for a \$10 hen-coop, and it cost \$150."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL, MONTREAL, 19th JUNE.

(Mr. A. Harris, Amateur photo.)

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK-LORE.

Among the *habitants* and fishermen of the Province of Quebec there linger many customs, superstitions and beliefs, that have had their origin in Old France where so much of folk-lore has found long life and wide extension. There are hidden in the writings of the many novelists, poets, and historians of New France, many curious items, which might long remain unnoticed were not attention called to them here.

Northern Lights.—According to M. Faucher de Saint Maurice*, many of the *habitants* and fishermen who dwell on the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence believe that "an instrumental air, or a song sung at eve when the air is calm, causes the *marionettes* (northern lights) to dance at will. But woe to the imprudent Orpheus who amuses himself by playing with the mysterious sylphs that tress the golden threads of the *Aurora Borealis*. As he sees them threading the mazes of the dance, he feels himself fascinated; and on the morrow he is found stiff and stark on the shore. His soul has departed to join in the giddy dance of the *marionettes*." Besides *marionettes* these phenomena are called *lestirons*, *les éclairons*, etc. Petitot† informs us that the *Métis* and Indians of the Canadian North-West believe it possible to attract the *Aurora Borealis* (as they do spirits), by whistling, and to dispel them by firing at them with guns. This belief, in some form or other, seems wide-spread with the *Métis*. The *rapprochement* of the "Northern Lights" and spirits is very natural, as many Algonkian Indians recognize in the former the manes of their ancestors. The Cree,‡ for example, call the *Aurora Borealis* *tchispayak nimihituwok*,

i. e., "the spirits' dance." With more reason, the fishermen of the islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre attribute to the "Northern Lights" very great influence over winds and their direction.*

Will-o'-the Wisp, etc.—Many of the *habitants* used to believe that the *feux-follets* were "sorcerers or maleficent genii"† These *fe-follets*, as they are sometimes called, are also looked upon as the embodiment of the spirits of the damned.‡ In his very interesting book "*Forestiers et Voyageurs*," M. J. C. Tac'ê tells the story of the *Follet de la Mare aux Bars*. Over this deep hole at the lower end of the Isle aux Corneilles, which remains full of water at low-tide, floats a strange light, that, suddenly disappearing, mystifies the beholder, and often the goblin-light lures him to death. The same writer gives us some information regarding *le feu de la Baie*.§ In a certain part of the *Baie des Chaleurs* there is to be met with a strange light or fire, which, after some time, bursts into innumerable sparks of all colours and finally disappears. It seems to be fast becoming forgotten, but is still known at Caraquette. An old Acadian told M. Taché|| that the *Feu de la Baie* began to appear soon after the "derangement" of his people by the English, and gave it as his opinion, that, in the flames, people were being tormented for their sins. Another legend, recorded by Faucher de Saint Maurice¶ relates to the *Feu des Roussis*; at the end of the *Baie des Chaleurs* is seen flitting to and fro a luminous point. According to the belief of the fishermen this fire marks the

spot where some hardy mariners of the name of Roussi perished with their boat in a storm. This light, the people say, bids passers-by pray for the souls of the unfortunate seamen.

Goblins and Sprites.—The "white lady," of the Hohenzollerns has her counterpart in the "Phantom of the Rock,"* that, whenever a member of the Quebec family of Frasers is about to die, appears to him, and gives warning of the approach of death. In the gloaming, or as the *habitant* beautifully phrases it *à la brunante*, the imagination of the French Canadian, somewhat influenced, no doubt, by that of the Indian with whom he has been so long and so closely associated fills the air, the forest, the mountain and the lake, with numberless demons and spirits of many a kind. He catches, here and there, glimpses of the *manitous* and *wendigos* of the Red Men, while his *farfadets*, *lutins*, *gobelins*, *diablotins*, *mahoumets*† et hoc genus omne, are legion. Strangely enough, the name *mahoumet* is given to the familiar spirits of the Indian conjuror. The *loup-garou*‡ of France still survives, and murderers, it is said, are often metamorphosed into those strange creatures. Rev. Armand Parent § of Oka, states that in his early years the following superstition was current in the Province of Quebec amongst the *habitants*: "If a person neglected partaking of the sacrament for seven years, he would turn into a *loup-garou*, a shapeless animal without head or limbs (its mode of locomotion is not described). In order to regain his estate of humanity, it was necessary that the blood of the monster should be shed; this kindly office being usually performed by a friend, a complete restoration resulted." A very curious bit of folk-lore is recorded by DeGaspé,|| who says; "The

* A la Veillée, Contes et Récits, Québec, 1879, p. 33.

† En route pour la Mer Glaciale, 2me édition, p. 264, see also University (Toronto) Quarterly Review, vol. I (1890), p. 188.

‡ Lacombe, dict. de la langue de Cris, Montreal (1874), p. 34.

* Henrique, Louis, Les Colonies Françaises, II, Colonies d'Amérique, Martinique-Guadeloupe, etc., Paris, 1889, p.

† DeGaspé, Les Anciens Canadiens, Québec, 1877, vol. I, p. 41.

‡ Ibid., p. 45.

§ Forestiers et Voyageurs, Montreal, 1884, pp. 62-69.

|| Ibid., op. cit., pp. 71-77, 75.

¶ Op. cit., p. 75.

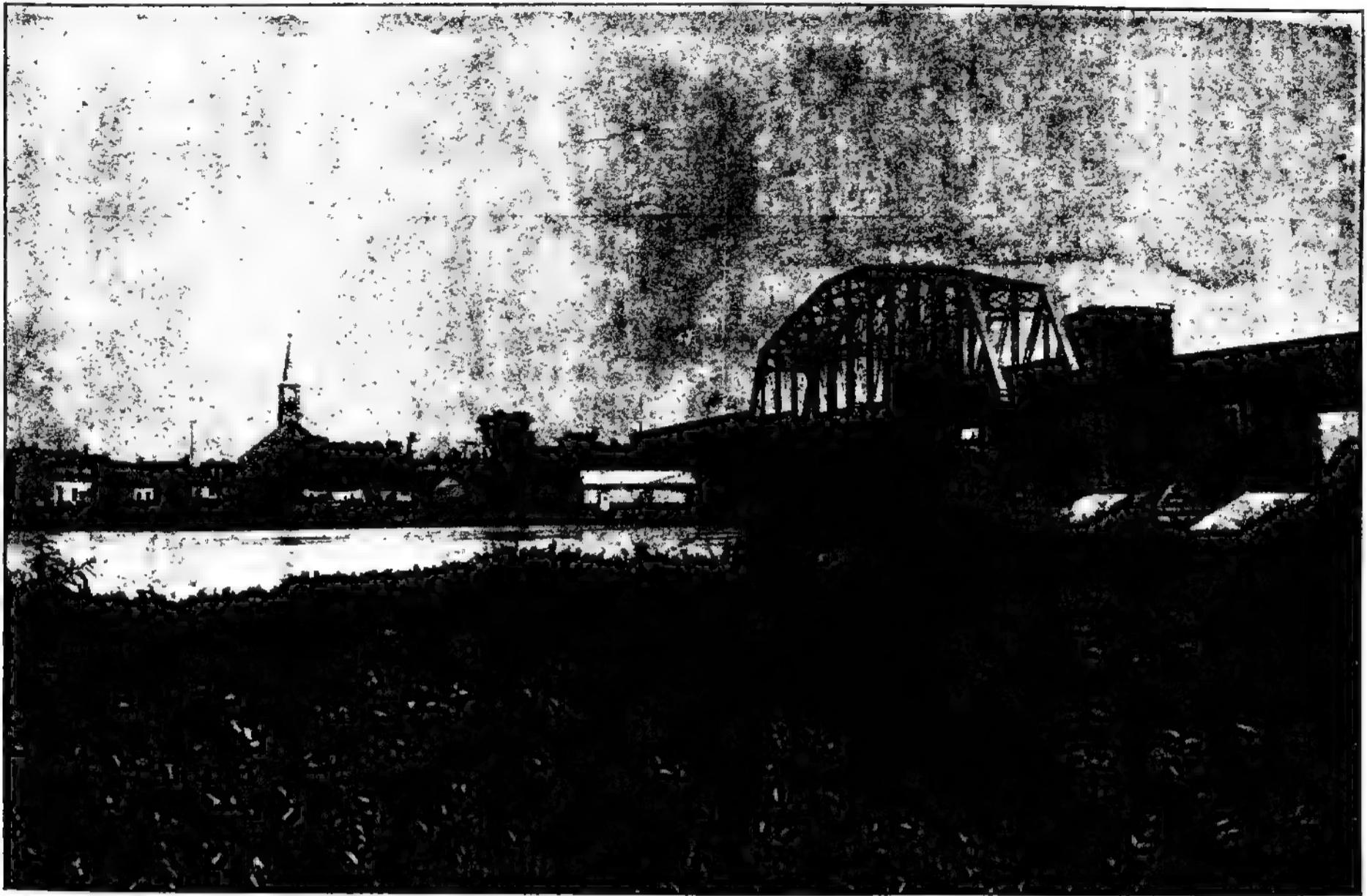
* See the Legend in Faucher de St. Maurice, op. cit., pp. 89-95.

† See Taché, op. cit., pp. 90, 96, 98; DeGaspé, Les Anc. Canadi., I, 52; Soirées Canadiennes, 4me année (1864), p. 97.

‡ Taché, op. cit., p. 153.

§ Life of Rev. Armand Parent, Toronto, 1887, p. 48.

|| Le Chercheur de Trésors, Québec, 1878, p. 19.



RAILWAY BRIDGES OVER THE OTTAWA, AT STE. ANNE, P.Q.
(Mr. Gardiner, Amateur photo.)

French Canadian *habitant* never says *entrez* (come in) but *ouvrez* (open the door), a custom which has its origin in an old legend to the effect that, once upon a time, when some one was heard knocking at the door, the young lady who was in the house said "entrez," whereupon the devil entered and took possession of her." Taché* tells of the appearance of the spirit of evil in the form of a gigantic black cat, which darted fire from his eyes and made a terrible noise.

Main de Gloire, etc.—The belief in the "hand of glory," and the "magic candle," is noted by DeGaspé† *La main de gloire* is the dried hand of a man who has been hanged, and with it one is enabled to penetrate wherever one desires to go. *Le chandelle magique*, composed of the fat of the same, melted with pascal taper, enables the person who carries it at night to discover a treasure which is to be found at the spot at which the taper goes out. A story is told by Taché‡ of a peasant, who, passing the body of a dead criminal hanging in a cage, out of bravado invited him to sup with him that evening; the invitation was accepted, and to the astonishment of the assembled guests, the dead man appeared carrying his cage under his left arm. The door opens of itself after he had given three knocks. The intruder consents to leave only after his reviler has promised to come the next evening at the stroke of twelve to dance at the foot of his gibbet. After counsel with his friends and a visit to the curé, the man, accompanied by some of his relations and neighbors, who recite their chaplets, and (by the advice of his wife) with his babe (just baptised) in his arms, he sets out. On his arrival the dead man upbraids him for not coming alone, but tells him that he may go home now that he has had a salutary lesson.

Festivals, etc.—Of festivals that are known in Old and

in New France, the most noteworthy, perhaps, is the *Ignolle* (the name is also given to a song), the celebration of the renewal of the year. An account of the festival and song is given by Taché, who states that both are rapidly falling into desuetude. In his very interesting novels dealing with French Canadian life, M. Pamphile LeMay* has described the *corvées*, (bees), the *épluchettes* (corn-shuckings), and the *brayages* (flax-beatings) of the *habitants*, and some of the dances and festivities that accompany them, in which the "cavaliers et blondes" took their delight. Most interesting is "la fête de la grosse gerbe." To make the "great sheaf," a number of smaller ones are piled together and the whole decked out gaily. Then the persons assembled run around the great sheaf at full speed singing loudly and heartily the following verses:

"Ram'nez ! ram'nez ! ram'nez, belle,
Ram'nez vos moutons des champs !
Ram'nez ! ram'nez ! ram'nez tous,
Ram'nez vos moutons des loups !"

This performance is termed *ramener les moutons*, "bringing back the sheep"; after it is done the "great sheaf" is deprived of its finery and taken to pieces. The finder of a red ear of corn, during the *épluchette* is greatly envied,† most likely for a reason similar to that noted by Longfellow in *Evangeline*: "Even the blood-red ear to *Evangeline* brought not her lover."

Songs.—The great store-house of French Canadian folk-song is the work of Gagnon, "Chansons Populaires du Bas-Canada," but in the writings of the novelists and historians of Quebec, many not therein contained are to be found. A curious fragment is preserved by DeGaspé‡:

"Allons gai, compère, latin !
Allons gai, non cher voisin !
Allons gai, compère, qui fouille,
Compère, crétin, la grenouille !"

* Le Pèlerin de Ste. Anne, Quebec, 1877, 2 vols., see I, 25, II, 5-23. Picouoc le Mandit, Québec, 1878, 2 vols., see I, 31-30, II, 35.
† Le May, Picouoc le Maudit, I, 34.
‡ Les Ancienne Canadiens, I, 47.

Des chrétiens, des chrétiens
J'en f'rons un bon festin."

In the "Chercheur de Trésors" he has also given several interesting songs."

Varia.—It is a belief held by many of the *habitants*, that a man may possess "all the books in the world except one."† In DeGaspé's "Les Ancienne Canadiens,"‡ the following curious passage occurs: Prends garde à toi; si tu fais des averdingles (fredaines), je te repasserai en saindoux de n'avoir que des enfants louches (louches)."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN, M.A.,
(Fellow in Anthropology in Clark University.)

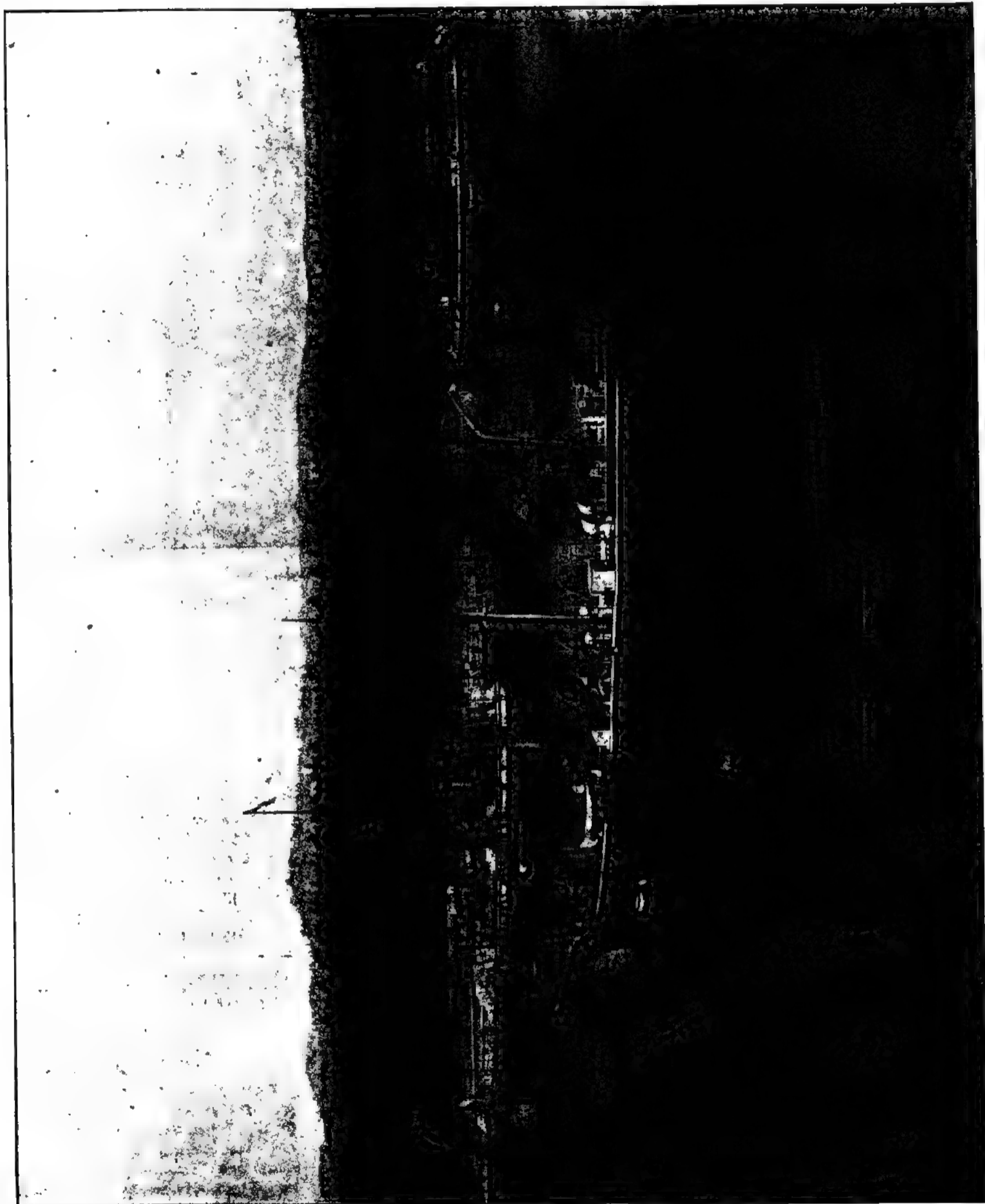
* See pp. 23, 100-101.
† DeGaspé, le Chercheur de Trésors, p. 15.
‡ Vol. I, p. 119.

Arrival of the Fleet.

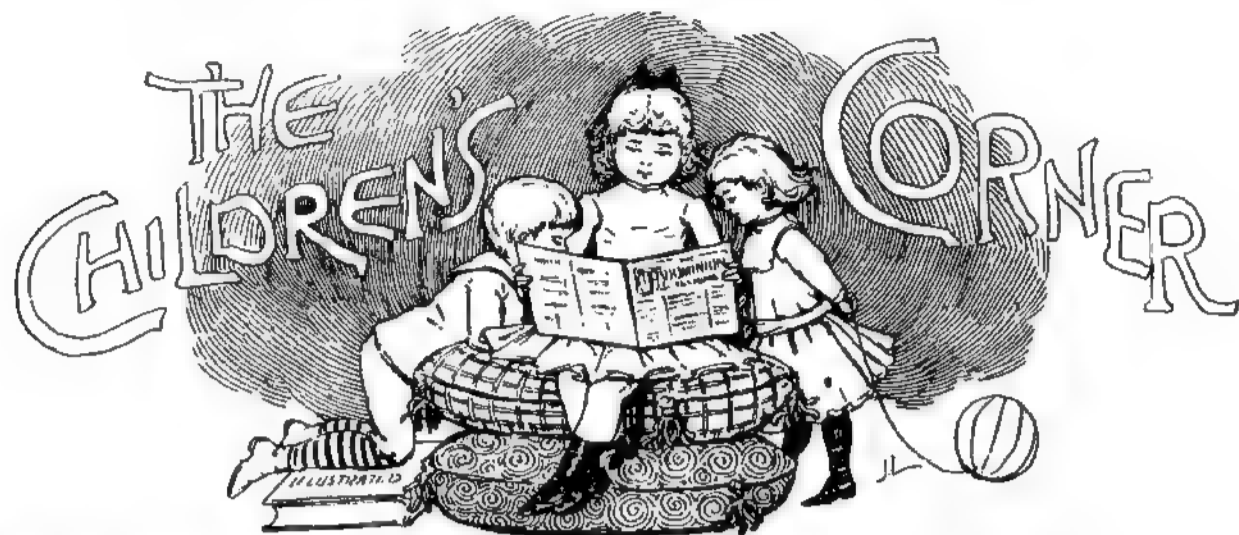
A very pretty picture was presented early this morning when the warships sailed up the harbour, arriving from the West Indies. The horizon was beautiful in blended colors of deep red crimson, blue and yellow. The harbor was placid with the exception of slight ripples here and there caused by light breezes springing up at intervals, the sails on all the four warships were set, and, as the vessels moved gracefully through the water, a very pretty nautical spectacle was presented.

The run up was uneventful. The *Pylades* will remain here three weeks when she will sail for Bermuda and Jamaica. She will be succeeded by the *Comus*, which will leave Bermuda on the arrival of the *Pylades* there. The *Bellerophon*, Canada and *Thrush* will remain here for a month when they go to Montreal and Quebec, where they stop some twenty days. On the return to this port the *Thrush*, under the command of Prince George, will sail for England, where the vessel will go out of commission. —*Halifax Herald*.

* Op. cit., pp. 149-153.
† Le Cherch. de Trésors, p. 28.
‡ Op. cit., pp. 10-14. See also Gagnon, Chansons Populaires du Bas Canada, p. 237. For a recent notice of the *Aguilaneuf* in France, see Tiersot, Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France (1889), pp. 188-194. See also Le Moine, Monographies et Esquisses, 1885, p. 445.



THE BEHRING SEA TROUBLE—PORTION OF H. M. NORTH PACIFIC SQUADRON IN ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR.



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

BY MORQUE

(Continued from No. 156.)

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Your Majesty, I see a large opening in the rock close to us. If you can follow me I will lead the way to it."

"We will take advantage of the next flash and follow you. Obtain shelter for us, and you and your companions are free," answered the Queen.

Before anyone had been hurt by the flying missiles, Squibbles had led them safely into an enormous cave; here they could breathe more freely, as the heat was not so great and they were free from the balls of fire which kept raining fast and furious over the plain, which was now lit up for miles around by flames of fire bursting forth from not only one mountain but from dozens of others.

It was a weird and awful sight, and brave warriors though they were they trembled as they gazed upon it.

"I would that we were safe in our own beautiful Venus. Never again will I invade the domains of the Man-in-the-Moon. I am sorely afraid we will all die in this dreadful place, unless we can find the gorge by which we entered." And the Queen looked so mournful and sad as she uttered these words, that Farmer Brown started up and declared he would go and search for the opening, and was starting out of the cave when Squibbs and Squibbles dragged him back.

"You foolish earth-man, don't you see how these balls of fire are thundering down; wait till they stop, and Squibbles and I will go with you. I am afraid, Your Majesty," continued Squibbs, "that night has set in, and as it lasts for a fortnight we will have great difficulty in discovering the way out, but as soon as these meteorites cease falling we will go and do our best to find the opening."

After what seemed a wearisome waiting the meteorites at last stopped, and the three went forth into the darkness. They groped their way along for some distance. Suddenly Squibbs cried out "Oh my feet, my feet; help! help! Farmer Brown." While Squibbles at the same moment called out:—

"I am drowning; help! help! Farmer Brown."

"Bless my heart, you don't say so! Ugh! what is this? Hot water! No, it is too thick for water," said Farmer Brown, as he made a dash forward and seized hold of Squibbs and Squibbles and dragged them higher up.

"It is lava running down from the mountains, and it is flooding the plain. See!" cried Squibbs in great excitement, as a flame of fire shot forth from a mountain and lit up the plains, "the whole place will be a lake in a few minutes more; already it is creeping up and will soon reach the cave—what are you doing?" and Squibbs turned and looked in amazement at Farmer Brown, who was taking frantic leaps in the air.

"I—I—don't know," gasped Farmer Brown, leaping higher than ever, "but I feel as though I must jump to the top of that flat rock. Oh! oh! I say, can't you hold me? I can't keep still." They both made a rush to get hold of him, but before they reached him darkness had once more enclosed them.

"Where are you?" they shrieked. And a far-away voice answered:

"Here, on the top of the rock."

"Oh, Farmer Brown! you surely ought to know better than to play tricks at such a time as this; you couldn't possibly get up there, even if you tried to climb it."

Again came the voice like a whisper: "I tell you I am on the top of the rock, and I reached it by one tremendous leap."

"Then come back, come back to us."

"I can't. I have no power left to stir."

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed Squibbles, who was trying to reach the side of the rock. Hardly had he uttered the words when he, too, began to take flying leaps in the air, and in another moment he had bounded up beside Farmer Brown. As he felt himself going he called to Squibbs, "Stay where you are, and when the next flash comes make your way back to the cave and bring the rest close to the rock."

This Squibbs did, and before long he had conducted the Queen and her warriors to the rock, which they no sooner reached than away they went, leaping up and down, till finally, with a mighty leap, they reached its summit. And not any too soon, for the plain was now completely covered with the lava.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT REJOICINGS AT THE COURT OF QUEEN VENUS.

"It is very strange! very strange! Bless my heart, it can't be true!" murmured Farmer Brown.

Squibbles, who was sitting next to him—for as soon as they had reached the rock they had been compelled to sit down, all power of motion leaving them—asked anxiously:

"What is it? Do you notice anything about this rock we are on?"

"I do, indeed, Squibbles;" and here Farmer Brown lowered his voice, "it feels as though it were slowly sinking——"

"Just what I thought myself; look at your mountain, a moment ago we were nearly on a level and now——"

"The rock! the rock is sinking," burst forth from all sides, for the motion was now plainly felt by them all, as they descended with fearful rapidity, down, down, into unknown depths of darkness, black, intense darkness; then the horrible darkness vanished, and lo! before them, in all her wondrous beauty, appeared Venus. The dense cloud-laden atmosphere which usually surrounded her was parted and showed her in her full loveliness.

For a moment not a word was uttered as they were hurried through space towards her, till the Queen broke forth into joyous praise of its beauty, in which her warriors joined. As they drew near they could see great crowds of warriors hastening to and fro, as though greatly excited.

"They think it is some enemy coming to attack my domain, for they look not for my return in this manner. Ah!" she added, looking intently in another direction, "the path by which we reached the moon has been destroyed, but I care not; once back in my own domain, I will remain."

"Then, Your Majesty, what will become of us," asked Squibbs, somewhat dismayed at the idea of not being able to return to his home.

"Why, you will remain with me. I will give Squibbles and you positions of high trust at my court and marry you to two sweet maids of hon-

our. And you, Farmer Brown," she added, looking thoughtfully at him, "I have not quite decided what I will do for you, but rest assured it will be something worthy of the great service you have rendered us, for we should have all been lost but for your fortunate finding of this wonderful rock and——"

"Pray pardon me, Your Majesty," interrupted Farmer Brown, hurriedly, "but—you see—there's Molly."

"Molly! who is she?"

"Why, she's my wife, and I don't think she would like the idea of my staying in Venus."

"I am sorry, Farmer Brown, but it will be impossible for you to return to earth; you could from the Moon, but not from Venus; therefore you will be obliged to remain, and I do not think you will regret doing so."

"Your Majesty, I will be delighted."

"I am sure you will—especially if I make you King."

[THE END.]

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*

It is doubtful if there is any more enjoyable time for travelling than in September or early in October. The air is cooler; there is less dust; the trains are less crowded; and an autumn tint here and there adds to the beauty of the landscape. At the hotels, also, it is often the late, and not the early bird that gets the best bargain. Better rooms, better attention, and a better time often reward the tardy tourist. The heat of July and August is sufficiently fatiguing without having added to it the additional fatigue of travel. But it is the heat of July and August that drives most of us away, drives us sometimes from the frying-pan into the fire; for in midsummer it is difficult to get away from the heat anywhere. And in the cooler months it is more difficult to get away from the cares of business and the troublesome "city." Still, for enjoyable travel, May and September would be the months of my choosing.

What strikes one as interesting in visiting strange cities is the oddity of many of the names he encounters. Of course Brown, Jones, Smith, White and the other old stand-bys of nomenclature are to be met with everywhere; but outside of them every large city has its own peculiar batch of names which are, as it were, a part of the place. A New Yorker visiting Montreal would be struck by many of the French names; a Montrealer visiting New York could not fail to notice many of the German names; and either of them visiting Boston would have his attention attracted by many of the sanctimonious, long-winded, old Puritanical names. So, you see, there is sometimes something in a name, after all; and in following out this idea one finds the dry sign boards and advertisements invested with a new interest. It may not be inappropriate in this place to say a word about the naming of streets in cities. Too often it is merely a means of airing the vanity of over-ambitious aldermen, whose frequently plebeian names are no special ornament to the street corners. The most convenient system, no doubt, is that of numbering the streets and naming the avenues; as adopted in many of the cities in the United States. It is a pretty idea to name the streets after trees, as in Philadelphia,—Chestnut street, Walnut street, and so on. I like the old Indian names. In the new places that are springing up in Canada, it would add interest and individuality to adopt a few Indian names.

It is to be regretted that so many fine buildings should be defaced by such unsightly signs. The architectural beauty of many a fine block is marred by a war of colours in the sign-boards. Sometimes it is made a condition of occupancy that no ugly or inartistic advertising shall be permitted about the building; and I heard of an instance where a chiropodist's sign was strenuously objected to. But the fact remains that too many fine buildings are completely and unnecessarily plastered over with signs. Of all signs, the worst is the projecting sign. Where it prevails, the two sides of the street look like advancing armies with bayonets extended. Then there is the danger to pedestrians should a gale happen to be blowing. Sometimes one sees a fine plate glass window daubed over in an ugly fashion. But I suppose advertising is the spice of trade, although it might as well be done neatly when one is about it.



"It can't be that you care anything for a great lumbering block like me." (See page 19.)

THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—SYBIL'S FETE.

Lady Winterdyne was an accomplished entertainer. The family mansion in Portman Square was, during the season, distinguished for the magnificence and lavishness of its hospitality. Hitherto the brief visits paid to Winterdyne had been seasons of quiet and retirement. For the first time for many years the spacious reception rooms were thrown open, the lofty ball-room decorated and made ready for the gay throng who were to dance in honour of Sybil's birthday. Every invitation had been promptly accepted, the house itself was full of guests, and the genial hostess was in her element. But in the morning of the auspicious day a slight cloud fell upon that happy household—the Company of the 5th Battalion, to which Raybourne and Clement Ayre had been gazetted, was ordered to Natal. Although the news was welcome to the young soldier, he could have wished his marching order had not come to spoil his sister's birthday. And yet, however, the news from the Cape was not of an alarming nature. It was thought at home that Lord Chelmsford's well-drilled regiments would speedily quell Cetewayo and his rude hordes, the numbers of his army and the nature of his warfare not being understood in England.

It was looked upon, therefore, as rather child's play, which, while it might give the young men a taste of real soldiering, could not possibly have any serious results. Only old Sir Randal shook his head. He knew nothing of the Kafir or the Zulu, but his Indian experience had made him suspicious of all native revolt, and he often said there was greater folly in underrating than in overrating the risks attending such civil wars. When he saw, however, that the Winterdynes were not disposed to regard the matter seriously, he held his peace, although he felt impatient to see his old friend, Rachel Ayre, and to learn from her own lips whether her past experience had not made her wise and cautious where such matters were concerned.

A beautiful vision was the Lady Sybil when she came down to the ball-room that evening, ready to receive her guests. She wore her presentation gown, and, shorn of its train, the white satin and eucharist lilies, blended in a lovely mass, with lace like a spider's web, made a fitting and exquisite robe for her young loveliness. A slight pensiveness, born of the parting shadow, only added to her beauty. She was the admired of all as she moved about among them receiving congratulations and exchanging greetings. In a quiet corner Lady

Emily watched the arrival of the guests; but her eyes seldom wandered far from the fair face of the child of the house. She was completely won by that sweet grace, and the desire to call her daughter had become a most passionate longing, beside which everything else seemed of small account.

"I cannot think what can be keeping the Ayres, mamma," Sybil said, when an opportunity occurred for a word with her mother. "I hope the news of the marching order, as Harry calls it, has not made dear Mrs. Ayre too ill to come."

"I hope not, dear. Don't look so disappointed. A message would have been sent had they not intended coming. Oh, there they are! Look, Lady Ayre, how eager Harry and your nephew are to exchange congratulations. Ah well, ah well, they are young, and 'glory waits them,' as we may say. Excuse me for a moment."

Lady Emily was left alone in her retreat, and with an eagerness for which she despised herself leaned forward to see the late arrivals come in. There was more than curiosity in that look; there was an intensity of interest which was almost apprehensive as her eyes caught once more the face of the woman who in so many ways had supplanted her. Many eyes besides those of Lady Emily looked with deep interest on that graceful figure in its rich and sweeping robe of shimmering satin, at the noble and striking face from which the bloom of youth had scarcely faded, though it was framed in hair like snow. She entered the room on her son's arm, while at her other side walked her young daughter, whose loveliness was of a more rare and stately kind than that of Lady Sybil.

As Lady Emily saw that trio, and marked the cordial and impressive greetings bestowed upon them, ay, by the most exclusive of the guests, a dull, aching pain crept into her heart. Something said her day was over, and that her enemy's day had come. Before they had been five minutes in the room the young people had left their mother's side, and presently Lady Emily saw Raybourne claim Evelyn's hand for the waltz. They glided close past her, and for a moment Evelyn's eyes rested on that fine face set just then in its sternest expression. The faint colour rose in her dark cheek; she appeared to hesitate a moment, and then gave a hurried bow. Raybourne felt her tremble on his arm.

"What is it, Evelyn? Do you feel cold?"

"No, I was rather startled by my aunt's expression," she answered at once. "I had forgotten that I should meet her. Do you think I ought to speak to her?"

"Not unless you wish. I must say her expression is not particularly inviting," Raybourne answered with candour. "She is a little difficult to approach, I confess. Will bears no resemblance to his mother."

"None whatever. I have not seen him yet. Ah, there he is, watching Clem and Lady Sybil. Is it not audacious of Clem to take such calm possession of the lady we are invited to honour?"

"Sybil does not look as if she resented it much, does she?" asked Raybourne, complacently. "Well, what do you think of the marching order, Miss Evelyn?"

"Clem is wild with delight," Miss Evelyn answered, evasively.

"I don't ask what Clem thinks. I know just his opinion. It is yours I want."

"I am sorry for poor mamma. She is so brave, too. She tried to hide what it cost her to look cheerful over it," Evelyn answered, keeping her sweet face averted from his.

"Mrs. Ayre is a heroine. I have always thought so. But will you not answer the question I ask?"

"You are not attending to the music, Lord Raybourne. Is not that a lovely waltz, and how exquisitely played. One does not often hear such music in the country."

Raybourne made no answer, but his honest face flushed suddenly and he bit his lips as if to keep back something which burned for utterance.

"You shall answer me, Evelyn, before you go to-night," he said, daringly. "Yes, it is a good waltz. Clem and I will be dancing to different piping pretty soon; perhaps to His Majesty Cetewayo's war cry."

He saw her pale again, and her sweet mouth trembled; but he dared not hope that it was for his going she mourned.

The attention paid by the young lieutenant to Evelyn Ayre was noted by all present, and there were few who did not pronounce them to be well fitted for each other, although many wondered what the Marquis and Lady Adela would say to such an alliance.

"I think, dear, it will be wise if you refuse Lord Raybourne the next dance," Rachel said, gently, during one of the rare opportunities of speaking to her daughter. The sensitive colour rushed to the girl's face and dyed it red.

"Oh, mamma, have I done wrong? I did not mean to vex you," she said, hurriedly.

"No, my darling, nothing wrong; but I think it is being observed that you are so much together."

"This is mine, Miss Evelyn," said Raybourne's voice just behind them, but Rachel laid a finger on his arm and shook her head.

"Evy has had too many waltzes, Lord Raybourne; let her sit quietly with me—or let her go with her brother this time. Who knows how long it may be before they dance together again?"

Evelyn kept her eyes averted from the young man's, and moved away with Clem with evident relief.

"That was too bad, Mrs. Ayre; on my last night too. Have I done anything to offend you?"

"Nothing, Lord Raybourne," Rachel answered, with a quick, kindly glance.

"Why the formal title? I want to be Harry always to you," he said, with significance. "Surely you do not object to my dancing with Evelyn?"

"No, Harry, but it is better in gatherings of this kind not to attract attention," Rachel answered, quietly.

"I don't mind it at all if Evelyn doesn't. Can't you see, Mrs. Ayre, what it is to me to be as near as possible to her to-night. Have I your permission to speak?"

"On what subject?" she asked, almost nervously.

"Dear Mrs. Ayre, is it impossible you cannot know what I mean. Will you allow me to ask Evelyn not to forget me till I come back again?"

Rachel was silent for a moment. The sweet seductive strains of the music rose and swelled, the gay throng glided past them, snatches of happy laughter and the echo of whispered words reached them in that quiet niche where they were quite alone.

"I do not know what to say to you, Harry. I have many things to consider. Leave it, at least, till to-morrow. I should like to talk to your mother first."

"Well, I'll try, but remember to-morrow is the last opportunity I shall have. Tell me, at least, that you have no objections to me."

She raised her eyes to the honest face looking pleadingly into hers, and her heart warmed to him.

"There is no one to whom I would more willingly give my daughter, Harry, and she is my only one."

"Thank you. I shall try to deserve your trust. I am in torture about Evelyn, Mrs. Ayre. I have not the slightest idea how she is disposed towards me."

"Nor have I," Rachel answered with truth.

"If she will only give me the slightest hope, it will send me across the sea a different man. I know what you are feeling to-night about Clem, Mrs. Ayre. May I promise you that so far as lies in my power I shall look after him, and keep him from being too reckless. Whatever Evelyn's answer may be, Clem will always be like my brother."

"God bless you, Harry," Rachel answered, in low, full tones; but could not look at him again, because her eyes were dim. She thought at that moment with a deep, sweet gratitude, not of the great position, the noble name which were to be laid at her child's feet, but only of the true heart and pure life of the young man at her side. She could not but pray that Evelyn would not lightly pass them by.

"There is my mother beckoning to me. Will you excuse me one moment, Mrs. Ayre. I shall be back to you presently."

Rachel nodded, not sorry at that moment to be left alone. But presently the rich sweeping of a silken gown behind her caused her to look suddenly round, and, involuntarily, she rose as she found herself face to face with her sister-in-law. Fortunately a tall bank of green waving plants hid that curious scene, which lasted only for a second, from the crowded throng. Lady Emily spoke first; and when Rachel heard her tones, she missed something of the old imperious ring.

"Will you sit down? I have been looking at you all evening, but you have been so occupied that I had no opportunity of speech till now. You would not of your own accord have spoken, I suppose?"

Rachel looked at her steadily, inquiringly for an instant, and then sat down.

"No, Lady Emily, I should not; but I am very glad for Will's sake, that you have spoken," was all she said.

Lady Emily smiled somewhat wearily, as she sank upon the lounge opposite Mrs. Geoffrey's chair. For the moment her brilliant beauty seemed to have faded, and she looked old and worn and sad.

"That may mean much or little, whatever I choose to infer," she answered. "Have you forgiven me, Mrs. Geoffrey, for causing you to leave Pine Edge?"

"Long ago. The bitterness was only for a moment," Rachel answered, sincerely, forgetting in her generous unselfishness all the suffering of the past, and willing, nay glad, to meet her proud kinswoman on different ground.

"I have regretted it ever since. It served no purpose to me, though you ought to thank me for it," Lady Emily said, with a faint smile. Rachel did not ask why.

"Your day has come, Mrs. Geoffrey, and your triumph in your children will be very complete. It must gratify you to see how much both are admired."

"It does gratify me. I have a mother's natural pride," Rachel answered, though a trifle guardedly. She did not feel sure of her ground. She did not know what to think, or how to speak. She was even conscious of a slight feeling of uneasiness, a return of the old nervousness which in other days Lady Emily had had the power to stir in her breast.

"Does it not afford you a kind of exquisite satisfaction that I should be here to-night to witness your triumph?" Lady Emily asked, leaning slightly forward. Rachel met her gaze with a quiet, sad, wondering look.

"I do not quite understand you, Lady Emily. I have not given the matter very much thought. I am glad that my children are fair to look upon, and that others love them; but, above all, I thank God that they are good."

"Our two sons, yours and mine; look, they stand together yonder. Does it not give you a secret satisfaction to mark the contrast between them? Do you not think I deserve that my boy's life should be to me such a precarious possession?"

"Oh, Lady Emily, God forbid!"

The tone was so earnest; the quick, dissenting look so direct and sincere that they carried conviction with them. "What kind of a woman do you think I am?"

"I have judged you from my own standpoint—that is all—a great admission and a humiliating one. But you can afford to be generous; unless my eyes deceive me you will be bound by a double tie to this house. How have you done it; you, who had everything against you? By what consummate art do you win love and praise wherever you go? I would learn a lesson from you."

Again Rachel looked at the proud face in wondering doubt. She could not tell whether the question was put in irony or simple earnest. She could not fathom the nature of this strange woman, and yet her heart pleaded for her.

"I have no art," she answered simply. "I do not know whether you ask me these things in scorn, or in a kindlier spirit. I will believe the latter. Can you not believe me when I say I am sincere in my love for your son, who has a heart a king might envy?"

"Oh, I know he is good, too good. I would he were a little more human, a little less like his father, then I might cling to hope," she cried, with a fierceness of passion which made Rachel quail. "I tell you your triumph is more complete than you imagine. There is your son with that fair girl on his arm, whom I would give a world to call my daughter. These two will reign in Studleigh after I and mine are forgotten, Rachel Ayre, and then will my punishment be complete."

CHAPTER XXIV.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Clement Ayre had never forgotten his aunt's treatment of them when they lived at the farm. In deference to his mother he had never spoken one word of anger or blame; but in his inmost heart there dwelt a certain soreness against that haughty and imperious woman who had embittered his mother's life. As Lady Adela had said, his devotion to his mother was of a very rare and perfect

kind; it found its expression in a thousand little delicate attentions, at which some who pride themselves upon being out of the leading strings would have contemptuously laughed. Even though the sweet girl he so passionately loved was close by his side, he was not unmindful of his mother, but was quick to note her visible agitation during her conversation with Lady Emily. It irritated him, and took away his enjoyment of the dance. Sybil saw that he was preoccupied, and wondered that he resigned her so quickly when the dance was over. But when her eyes followed him as he strode away, she was no longer surprised. In a second he was by his mother's side, standing like a shield above her, his dark face filled with a certain defiance as they dwelt on his aunt's face.

"The room is very hot, mother. Can I take you out for a little? Lady Winterdyne is in the large conservatory."

Rachel looked up and smiled.

"There is your aunt, Clement. Lady Emily, I present to you my son."

Lady Emily stretched out her jewelled hand, and Clement was obliged to take it, bowing slightly as he did—so slightly that Lady Emily could not forbear a smile.

"He accepts the introduction on sufferance," she said, with a laugh which had a harsh ring in it. "I saw him looking daggers at me over Lady Sybil's golden head. I am glad to see that the boy has the spirit of his father."

Clement reddened slightly. It was not altogether pleasant to have his inmost thought revealed.

Rachel rose. She saw that nothing was to be gained by prolonging the conversation, Lady Emily being in such a strange, reckless mood.

But Lady Emily motioned her to be still, and rose herself.

"I will not drive you from your corner. I see an old friend yonder in the alcove. I have not seen him for years. So you are under orders for Natal also, Lieutenant Ayre," she paused to add. "May I express the hope that your military career may be as glorious as your father's, though not, I trust, for many reasons, as short."

Clement bowed. He was also haunted by a vague distrust, a shadowy doubt of Lady Emily's courteous words.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Geoffrey. Perhaps we may meet again. If not, remember what I have said," she said, distinctly. "I regret the past. I would undo it if I could."

She moved slowly away from them, her silken gown sweeping majestically behind her. Clement looked after her in a curious wonder.

"What a strange being. I pity poor Will. What did she say to you, mother? I saw you looked vexed."

"Not much, Clement. I am more sorry for her even than for her son. She is a jealous, unhappy woman. She suffers more now than she ever made us suffer. Remember that always, my son, and be kind to her if you have the opportunity."

"If she is miserable it is her own fault," said Clem, bluntly. "I say, mother, isn't this a jolly entertainment?"

"You are enjoying it then?" she asked, with a quick, upward glance.

"It will be a fine thing to look back upon when we are toiling under an African sun," said Clement, soberly, and then his eyes wandered again listlessly round the room, till they found what they sought—the fair face of Sybil Raybourne. Then a curious shadow of sadness settled down upon his own.

"I wish, mother, that I was something more than a poor lieutenant," he said suddenly.

"But you will not always be that, Clem."

"No, if hard work can do any good, I'll have something worthy to offer her."

He spoke under his breath, but his mother caught every word.

"You love her then, and I am to lose both my children's hearts at once," she said, with a tremulous smile.

"No, no, it can make no difference; you are always our mother," Clem made answer, quickly. "But what do you mean by both. Has Harry said anything?"

"Yes, he has asked me to-night to allow him to speak to Evelyn."

"And you said yes, of course. Raybourne's a perfect brick; as honest a fellow as ever breathed."

"I did not say no. What do you think Evelyn will say?"

"Ah, I can't tell that. Nobody can answer for her. But it'll be a shame if she sends poor Hal to the Cape a disappointed man. I only wish that I had as good a right to speak, but in my present position it would be presumption."

Rachel was silent. She could not indeed contradict him. A poor lieutenant, with his spurs to win, was as yet scarcely on equal grounds with Lord Winterdyne's daughter, who would be one of the richest heiresses in the county.

"In all but wealth you are her equal, Clement," she said. "But, I think, you are right not to speak, at least, till you come back. The Winterdynes have been our kindest friends since we came to Stonecroft, but we must not abuse that kindness."

"I suppose not," said Clem, rather goomily, as he pulled his moustache. "All the same it's hard on a fellow who may come back to find her married to somebody else."

"If so, you'll bear it like a man, Clem," was all his mother said.

The young soldier tried to feel resigned and virtuous over his resignation, but all the same a fierce rebellion was gnawing at his heart, and his passionate love urging him to throw prudence to the winds. Rachel could have uttered a word of comfort. She had closely watched Lady Adela all the evening, and saw that though she observed the frequency with which Clement and Lady Sybil were together, she made not the slightest attempt to prevent it, which could easily and gracefully have been done, seeing Lady Sybil was the guest of the evening, and was supposed to bestow her favours equally among all who had come to do her honour and wish her a happy birthday. But, though that seemed a favourable omen, Rachel forbore to notice it to Clement, believing it would be

well for all concerned that he should go without giving expression to his hopes. But young love cannot always be bound by the prudence held up for its admiration and guidance. Poor Clem honestly meant to be true, to keep his hopes and his bitter longings to himself, until, at least, he should have something worthy to lay at her feet; but before the night was over he had forgotten all his fine resolves. The turn of a golden head, the witching light of a pair of violet eyes, a quick, starting tear did it all.

At midnight there was a lull in the dancing, and the guests in coats and wraps flocked on the terrace to see a display of fireworks in the Park. It was an intensely dark night, not a star gleamed in the heavy sky; and the air had that peculiar soundlessness in it we notice in still autumn nights. Clem had made up his mind after his talk with his mother that he would keep far away from Sybil during the rest of the evening, and when he found himself outside, immediately put this good resolution into practice by seeking her out among the throng and keeping as near to her as possible. She noticed his depression, the grave seriousness of his looks, and, womanlike, began to wonder wherein she had grieved him.

"I did not forget the last dance, Mr. Ayre," she said, timidly, when they found themselves a little apart from the others. "But you were so long in coming to claim me that I thought you had forgotten, so I went up with Will, and I think," she added with a sly little smile, "he dances much better than you."

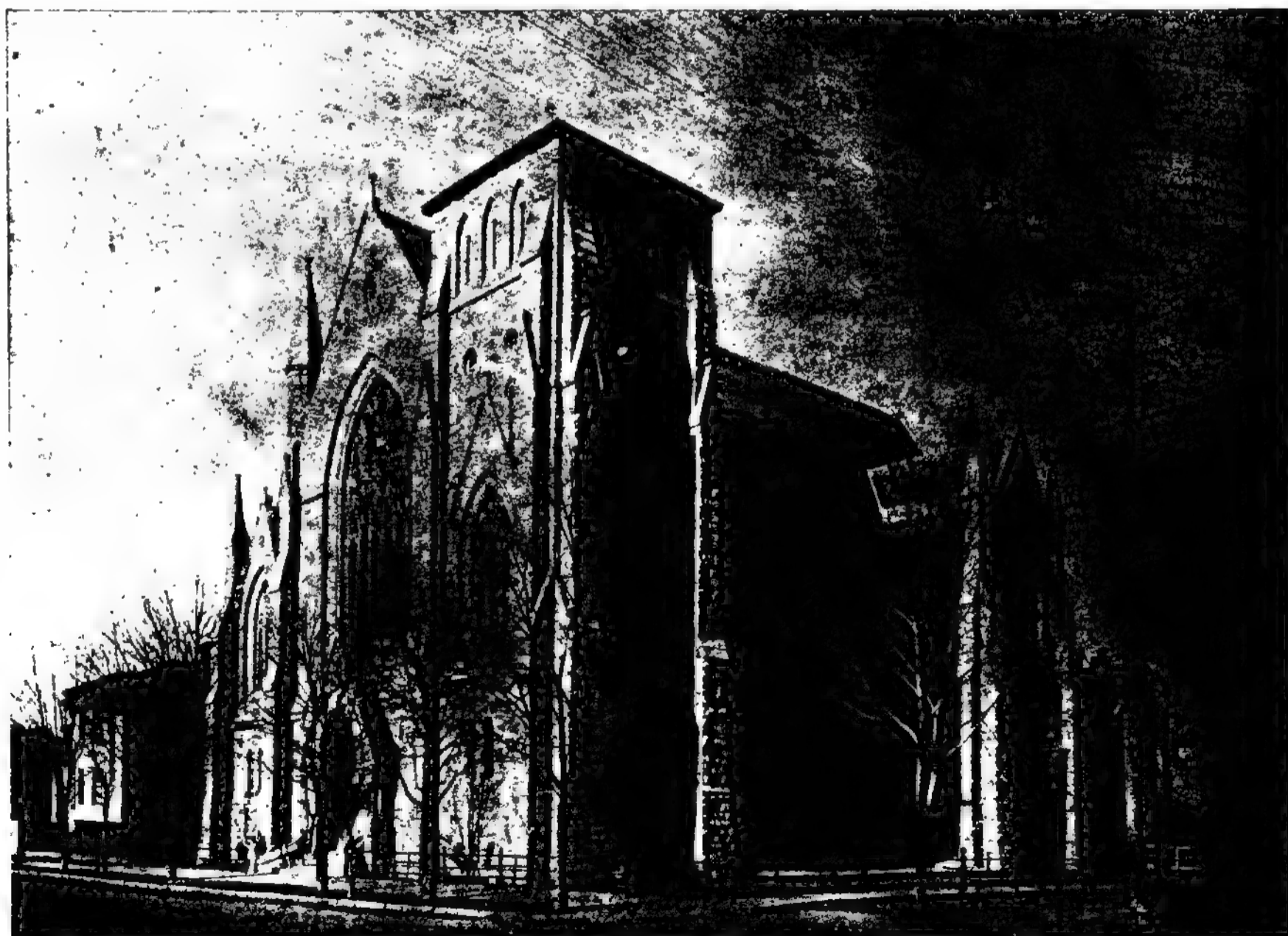
"Very likely. Will is a very polished gentleman beside a rough diamond like me," Clem answered, gruffly.

(To be continued.)

The New Montreal High School.

The laying of the corner stone of the new High School building, Montreal, on the 19th June was a notable event in the educational history of the city. There were many

well known men present, and the formal proceedings were invested with more than a passing interest. Among those in attendance were Rev. Dr. MacVicar, chairman of the Board of Protestant School Commissioners, who presided; Ven. Archdeacon Evans, who offered the dedicatory prayer; Dr. Howe, for so many years rector of the High School; Rev. E. I. Rexford, the present rector; Mr. E. W. Arthy, secretary to the Board of Protestant School Commissioners; His Worship Mayor McShane and Ald. Wilson, Sir William Dawson, Prof. Parmelee, Prof. George Murray, Prof. Cruissarat, Rev. Drs. Shaw and Williams, Rev. Messrs. A. G. Upham, S. P. Rose, J. C. Heine, Friedlander, William Hall, Lariviere, Dr. Reed, Dr. Archambault and Messrs. S. Finley, W. H. Smith, J. H. Semple, James Ferrier, W. Drysdale and E. F. Ames. A platform had been erected for the accommodation of the distinguished participants in the ceremony, and a choir composed of pupils led by Mr. W. H. Smith, instructor in the Tonic-Solfa system, provided music for the occasion. After the dedicatory prayer, ex-Ald. Holland presented Rev. Dr. MacVicar with a silver trowel, and after Mr. Arthy had read the list of articles to be deposited under the stone, the trowel was used by the reverend gentleman in the customary manner. Rev. Dr. MacVicar then delivered an address, dealing with the development of the school. He noted among other points the fact that in 1847 the total income of the school was \$555.65. "My Own Canadian Home" was then sung by the pupils, after which the Mayor delivered a congratulatory address, followed by Sir William Dawson, who touched many interesting points in the history of the school. Mr. J. H. Semple conveyed the cordial greetings of the Catholic School Board. Dr. Howe delivered a very interesting address, dealing with the laying of the foundation of the Belmont school in 1884 and other incidents in the educational life of the city years ago. He said that the most fitting decoration for the new school would be a tablet bearing the names of the boys who had attended the High School during the last forty years. Rev. S. P. Rose coincided in this view and referred to the use of the tablet in Upper Canada college. The proceedings of the day concluded with the National Anthem.



JAMES STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, HAMILTON, ONT.



CLOSING DAY AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.
(Henderson, photo)

MY FIRST 24 HOURS IN THE MINES OF CALIFORNIA



habitants—about one thousand men and one woman*—of all nations and colors, greatly excited, and a horn was being sounded from the principal whiskey tent, calling all well-disposed persons to a meeting of the "Vigilance Committee," to decide on the fate of "Josh," a negro slave, who had murdered his master, a Virginian, by cutting off his head with a bowie knife, and then attempted to burn the remains under a big brush fire; and also for robbing his master's tent of a large amount of virgin gold.

This tragedy had occurred about two months previously, and a notorious individual by the name of Frank W., originally from the northern part of the State of New York, volunteered to "bring the Nigger in," providing his full expenses were guaranteed by the "Vigilants." This latter was cheerfully granted.

The abduction of Nigger Josh from the City of Sacramento was successfully accomplished by Frank W., who, I should here state, was a gambler, duellist, and desperado generally.

He brought Josh, single-handed, the two hundred and fifty miles, the Negro's feet being tied under a mule's corporosity, and his hands tied to the pommel or loggerhead of the Mexican saddle he bestrode, Frank W. riding on another animal and leading the *convict establishment* by a lariat fastened to his saddle.

Well, our first duty as good law-abiding (Vigilant law, the only kind recognized at that early date) citizens was to attend—*under peril*—to the "Miner's Call," the horn.

And this is what happened:—

Josh was produced by Frank W., who described in detail, to interested listeners, amidst general applause and admiration, how he had stolen the Nigger from the hands of the police at Sacramento, where he had previously been arrested and *detained on suspicion* on account of some *peculiarly shaped* nuggets or specimens of gold he had displayed, and which had already been spoken of as curiosities, and as having been stolen from the Virginian so cruelly murdered, particular attention having been attracted to them by their size, purity and appearance; and Frank W. said "he now wished to hand over his charge,—*minus the gold, which had been gobbled up by the honest (?) police of Sacramento*—to the tender mercies of the kind "and sympathizing gentlemen there assembled."

Josh was then stood upon a whiskey keg and exhibited for a few moments, during which time he received many compliments. Then "Judge Lynch," the chairman of the meeting, asked, "What should be done with the murderer?" and the great unwashed crowd cried out: "Hang him! Hang him!" a *late arrival* saying to me in his haste as he elbowed his way in and almost out of breath (I was standing near the outer edge) "What's he done? What's he done? Hang him! Hang him!" He did not wait to learn the cause of the meeting being called, nor did he care; he cried out what he heard the crowd crying, from sheer devilment. So the chairman said: "Boys, get a rope and come to the 'Lone Tree' burying ground," which was a place a few hundred yards distant, and a little higher up on the side of the mountain, where a venerable solitary oak stood.

*This lone female, a Mestizoe, or halfbreed, of Mexican and Indian parentage, was a grass widow of Joaquin Muriatta, the notorious gue illa chief, who was the terror of the inhabitants of the mountain districts at that time. Joaquin was most successful, and he became so much dreaded from his bold robberies of traveling express companies and United States mails, that the Government offered a reward of \$30,000 for him, *dead or alive*, and \$5,000 for his lieutenant, "Three-Fingered Jack": as well as \$1,000 for proof of the killing of each member of the band or their persons as captives. This substantial inducement brought to the front Captain Harry Love, an old (he was in reality young in years, being only twenty-eight or thirty) scout and Indian fighter, who organized, at his own expense, he told me afterwards, a company of twenty-five dare-devils like himself, well mounted, and equipped with double-barrelled guns, Colt's navy size revolvers, and bowie knives, and they after a short search in the Sierras, surprised and counteracted Joaquin and his whole party, eighteen in number, at daylight one morning, in a canon or mountain gorge, and having attacked them before they had time to secure their mules, which were good ones, and escape; taken at such a great disadvantage in the *cul-de-sac*, where the sides were perpendicular and but little cover offered, the robbers were killed to the last man. Captain Love and his rangers were allowed to retain and divide the booty recovered, which was considerable. And on his presenting the necessary proof at Benicia, the then seat of Government, he received the full amount promised for the successful termination of his enterprise. Captain Love was then allowed to exhibit, by authority of the Government, his trophies, viz., the head of Joaquin and the hand of "Three-Fingered Jack," throughout the state; they were preserved in spirits, in large, round, clear, glass jars, such as gold-fish are kept alive in. I saw these ghastly objects in Marysville, for which privilege and gratification I paid into Captain Love's own hand one round dollar at the door. Captain Barry then came in and raised the chief trophy, by the hair, from out of its receptacle that I might enjoy the pleasure of a clearer view. He also pointed out with pride where he struck the bandit chief on the cheek bone with a bullet from his six-shooter. That evening I conversed with Captain Love at the Alhambra on the subject, and he recounted to me in detail the particulars and vicissitudes of the fight, which was both fierce and bloody, and lasted all day long, several of his men having been killed on the field and a number wounded, he being one of the latter; his right arm was crippled for life by the loss of the elbow joint. The evidence offered to the Government by Love of the death of the outlaws was in the shape of the left ear of every freebooter, beside the necessary affidavits of the surviving participants.

†Unlike Joaquin, who did display considerable chivalry at times during his career and always scorned to kill, almost helpless Chinese and females, "Jack" was wantonly cruel; he would ride through a Chinese or other small encampment and shoot every human being he could, right and left, until his revolvers were emptied, and dash on looking back and jeering at the slaughter and consternation he had created.

In (about 1st) September, 1852, I left the City of Marysville, on the Sacramento River, with a pack mule train, composed of, say, one hundred animals and about twenty men, the latter mostly Mexicans, or "Greasers," as they were there called, en route for Rattlesnake Bar, situated on the east branch of the North Fork of the Feather River, in the foothills of the Sierra-Nevada range of mountains, distant about one hundred and fifty miles.

On the morning of the sixth day we struck the mining camp, and found the in-

When the crowd reached the hallowed spot, F. W. who was acting as provost-marshal, threw a rope over a limb, about fifteen feet from the ground, and a noose having been quickly, and I may add skilfully made, by an old man-o-war's man, the horrid neck-tie was adjusted with the knot under Josh's left ear and all hands (except the lady, who assisted by her presence only,) were ordered by Judge Lynch to take hold of the loose end, and another order was given to "run him up."

This was promptly and effectually done, his head coming with great force against the hard limb over which the rope slid and his neck was probably broken by the impact.

At the supreme moment of Josh's transition to another sphere, F. W. remarked that "as he and his 'Pard' Josh 'had been comrades on such a long and interesting march 'and having been so much attached to each other and the 'mule, he would give him a military send-off until they 'three should meet again." And this he did, by emptying his six-shooter, not over, but into his "old chum" as he there danced a pirate's jig upon nothing.

The rope was then tautly tied around the trunk of the tree and every one went on his way rejoicing to his pick and shovel, leaving Josh's body alone in all its glory until the "remainder of the bad characters, if any," as Judge Lynch said, "could get a glimpse of the sort of fruit he 'grew in his garden."

About noon, when all was again quiet, I went to my friend's cabin, up a ravine, to dinner, pork and beans, of course—and to talk over my trip and also to make arrangements for the future. I should here mention that my friends had arrived in the mines many weeks before me, although we all started from Canada about the same time, but I, from a spirit of adventure, took the longest route—via Cape Horn—whereas they severally took the Central American, or Nicaragua, the Isthmus of Panama and a few of them the Plains routes.

At my friend's cabin, which was made of logs and only about ten feet square, covered with empty flour sacks for a roof, I met a Cockney, a decent fellow, as he turned out to be, but a very tenderfoot in the ways of the New World; and as there was no room for me in the cabin to sleep, all available space being occupied by beds, provisions and miners' tools, I was told off to go with the Cockney, my friends contributing for my comfort an extra pair of blankets.

So about 9 o'clock we left for his "shake down" which he had pre-empted at the junction of the bed of the main river with the ravine, through which ran a mountain stream of melted snow.

Arriving at a certain point, my guide ascended the mountain side a hundred feet or so and—all in the dark, remember—he fished out from under a large red-wood tree, the trunk of which, five or six feet in diameter, was lying transversely to the face of the acclivity, a roll of blankets, exclaiming as he unfolded them, "Look out! I 'am going to shake!" and this he did, continuing: "there 'goes a couple of rattlers any way." I naturally enquired what he meant, and he replied that when the sun went down and the stones got cold the rattlesnakes made for the warmest spots and were particularly fond of blankets that had been slept in, and that he found them almost nightly in his bedding.

Those he now shook out fell down into a deep miner's shaft, at the brink of which we were to sleep.* I should here say that the reason he had selected that particular spot for his "shake down" was because of the protection the large tree afforded, it being very heavy and very long, and having fallen in the position it did, it arrested, or acted as a hurdle, over which shot the rocks and debris which were continually rolling down the side of the mountain, especially at night, for at that time (when the snakes were asleep) the California lion, a tremendously large panther, and their jackals—the coyote—came howling in the vicinity of the camps, and in their gambols started small stones and rocks which in descent started in their turn other and larger ones, until at times there was a perfect avalanche of

dangerous material descending. So you can well imagine what peaceful lodgings we had, and what a lullaby was sung by the said lions in a chorus of roars, which, to those who have never heard the infernal din, I could give no idea, but will say, seriously, that the dreadful sound and its echoes from the sides of the other mountains seemed actually to shake the earth.

These animals (the lions) sometimes approached within a few score of feet of the camp.* There were grizzly bears also in the near neighbourhood, but they naturally gave man a wide birth except when disturbed.

Notwithstanding all these terrors, the night of my eventful "first twenty four hours in the mines," was passed in sweet repose, because I was really fagged out.

My clothing at this time was (always allowing for the rough ride of a week's duration up the mountain paths on muleback and consequent wear and tear) more like that of a Broadway swell at 10 A. M. than that of a gold-seeker. I had been a week or two in Saratoga and New York City and dressed, on my arrival in San Francisco (it wasn't called "Frisco" in those days), in the same style as I had last dressed in New York, and I travelled into the interior in this rig-out. They were not convenient in the mines, and my boots, especially, soon shrank with the water and hurt my feet, which was a serious matter. The little flannel dunnage I had for "work" was in a sailor's canvas-bag and this I was taking great care of as I knew that necessity would soon make it very valuable as my things then in wear not being adopted to the racket would not last long.

My sleeping partner and I formed an active co-partnership in the working of a claim recommended to us by our friends of more experience in the gold regions, and we made what we called "fair wages" viz: about eight dollars per day each, out of our "Gulch" until winter began to set in, when it was arranged, at a miner's meeting, that all the able bodied men should set out for the valleys leaving behind them the sick, wounded, and others who were appointed to remain in the mountains.

All the provisions, blankets, and all comforts were turned into one general store for the benefit of the little colony who were to brave the rigours of the winter, with its isolation from civilization, etc.

So one fine day (3rd November, 1852) we left in a gang on foot, and the next day at the Mountain House ranche, all our party voted for Frank Pierce for pre-ident.† A fund of amusement he afforded us during our long forced march, as well as being the cause of considerable anxiety on account of his little playful eccentricities.

I think I shall here go back to the morning on which I awoke in the mines proper, as a description of what then occurred may perhaps amuse, if not instruct my readers. It was daylight of course, and our first thoughts were of rattlesnakes, but they don't turn out until the sun has again warmed up their feeding grounds; and our next thoughts were of the tragedy enacted on the preceding day. So looking across the ravine towards the grave yard, to which our attention was especially attracted by an unusual commotion, we saw all that was left of the black fiend, swinging lazily in the breeze, but not now in solitude, as a couple of vultures and a dozen or two of turkey-buzzards

* The Coyotes were more impudent, and not unfrequently stole food and clothing from within reach of our hand.

† Having already introduced Frank W. to my readers in some characteristic scenes, I may as well describe the scene of his tragic death, which took place a very few years later on, and was, in every way, in keeping with the wild, reckless life he had adopted.

Politics were running high in the new state, and F. W. started out on a "sledge-hammer" tour, combining with it his professional manipulation of the cards, by way of paying running expenses until his party would be elected, when he expected to be made a High Sheriff or Judge at least; the former was the office he really hankered after. His last stopping place was at Deadman's Flat (an ominously named settlement, truly), and in a bar-room there he engaged in a game of "bluff" with a Spaniard, equally expert with the paiteboards, who, detecting and accusing F. W. of cheating or legging him, threw down his cards and, reaching out his left hand, attempted to rake in the "pot" of coin and gold dust, which was considerable. F. W., drawing his ever ready "dowie" knife, quickly pinned, with it, his adversary's hand to the table, holding by the hilt all in position.

The Spaniard, at all times prepared for emergencies, drew from the pistol sheaf, under his table, his revolver and shot F. W. through the eye when he leaned his head on the table. The Spaniard here called the attention of the bystanders to the knife which was still through his hand and the table, and plucking it out he reached over the wounded man and plunged it (F. W.'s own knife) through his heart, from between the shoulders; his victim gave a spasmodic leap and simultaneous shriek and rolled over dead.

The survivor then ripped up with the bloody knife the dead sharper's sleeve, out of which fell several cards, and appealing to the crowd if it was not a "square deal," as far as he was concerned, they at once decided in his favour, and he coolly gathered up and pocketed the stakes. Had the lion not been killed outright they would, probably, have thought twice before they rendered judgment in favour of the tiger-hearted butcher. "Whiskey-straight" were ordered for all present, and no one cared to refuse to drink the health of the victor and hero.

were screeching and fighting over the dainty morsels which they tore of the carcass.

Shortly afterwards, on closer examination, we found that his eyes and other prominent features were already gone, and so were his boots, which, according to the existing regulations of the "Regulators," he died in.

But we did not for an instant accuse the scavenger birds of abstracting the boots, because, of all things needful, boots were boots, and good ones an article of luxury possessed by very few miners in the mountain in those pioneer days, and Josh really should not have had on such an excellent pair to tempt his otherwise orderly fellow-citizens to commit crime.

Boots were worth anything from \$75 up, per pair, a miner's "pile" simply setting the price, the demand being much greater than the supply.

The little greaser "captain" of the mule train, with a big name:—

EL CAPITANO,

Senor Don José Gonzalez Metley Zami-Huix Leopix Catatzen, hove in sight from the direction of the sickening carnival of the other birds of prey and demanded that I should return to him, or get another to replace it, the lariat belonging to the trappings of the amiable mule I had ridden *en voyage*, as that was the rope (made of twisted horse hair) seized on by the vigilants to quicken the happy despatch of Josh. (It is a singular circumstance to relate, but, nevertheless, a fact, and not simply a superstition, that if one stretches on the ground such a rope of twisted horse hair, in a circle, all around their temporary camping couch, no snake, tarantula or scorpion will attempt to cross the cunningly devised chevaux-de frise.)

The "Captain," we all noticed, wore a very superior pair of comparatively new boots that morning, which, like his name, were several sizes too large for his proportions.

These facts were, to say the least, significant.

BYTONIAN.

Ottawa, 31st January, 1886.

NOTE—We allowed our washings to collect above the riffles for several days, and then, after "washing" in the river, we took the residue to camp, in the pan, and there mixed into it quicksilver to the consistency of mortar, thus forming an amalgam of metals only, which was put into a chamois-leather bag and squeezed until nearly all the quicksilver was forced through the pores of the leather (the quicksilver being saved for use another time), when the bag, with its contents, was placed on a shovel and heated red hot, when everything disappeared (in a short time) that could be consumed, and what remained would be almost pure gold.

Our mode of saving the gold slightly depreciated its value in the market (*i. e.*, local agency of Adams & Co's Express), because the little mercury which still adhered to the gold gave it a dull, tin-like complexion, and the so-called "quicksilver gold" brought one dollar less per ounce; but the miner saved more than the difference and paid for the quicksilver and "shammy" wasted besides, all the very fine particles, or "dust," being collected from the "black sand," and everything metallic going into the ball of amalgam.

No Objection.

His Honor (to prisoner).—Step up to the bar and receive your sentence.

Kentuckian (absent-mindedly).—Thanks, don't care if I do.—*The Epoch*.

Cheap Doctoring.

Anxious Mama.—Little Dick is upstairs, crying with the toothache.

Practical Papa.—Take him around to the dentist's.

Anxious Mama.—I haven't any money.

Practical Papa.—You won't need any money. The toothache will stop before you get there.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

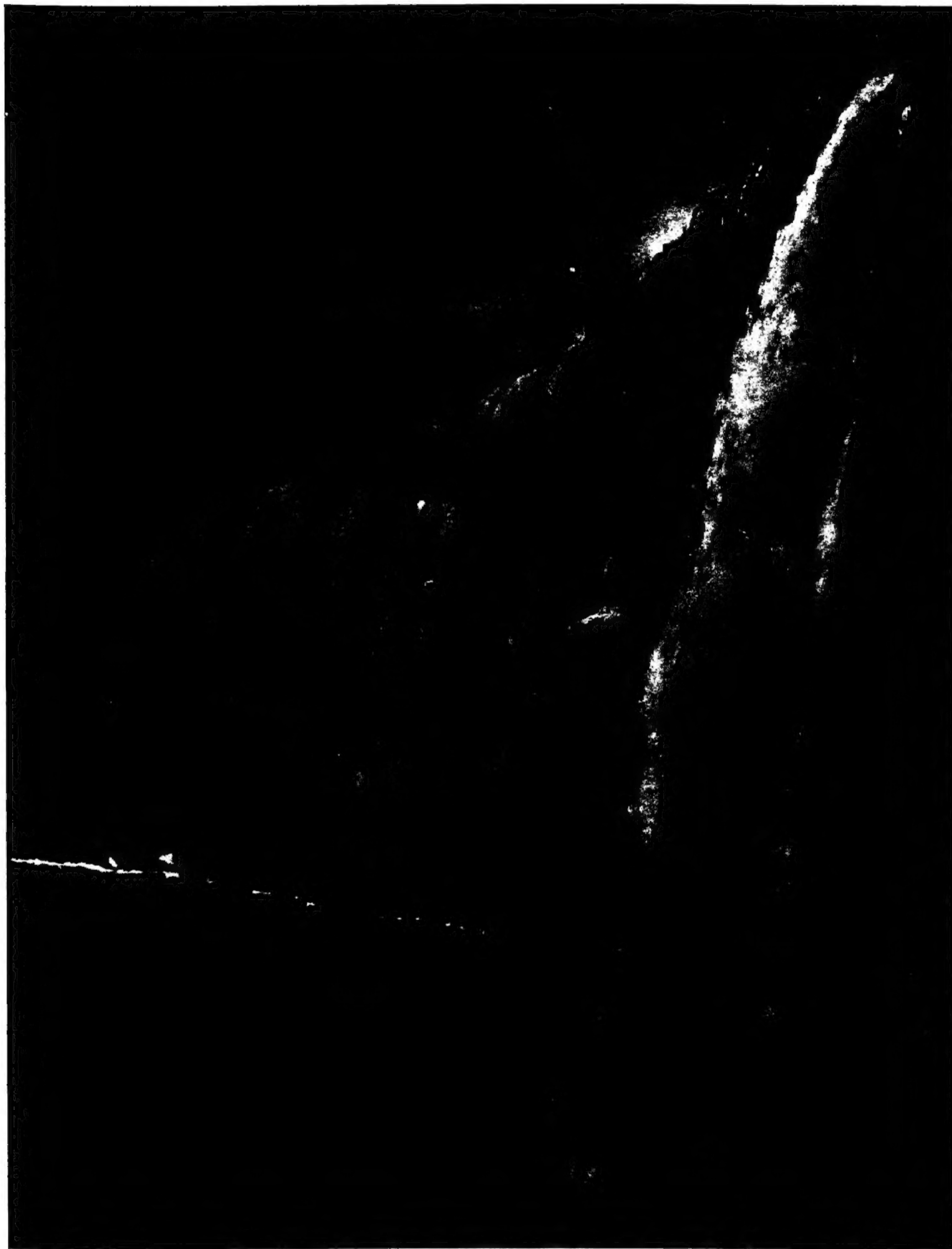
"Why did you leave Quinby so soon?" asked his friends.

"Well," replied Bjones, slowly, "I went there for rest and change, and the waiters at my hotel got all the change, the landlord got the rest, so I came home.—*Boston Post*.

Tommy: What's the matter with your eye, Jimmy?

Timmy: I looked to see why my cannon didn't go off yesterday.

* On several Sundays (we actually stopping work on that day, I amused myself by hunting up snake congregations and making them smell a little brimstone from a double-barrelled gun, loaded with small shot, and killed, sometimes, more than a hundred, some in groups, basking in the sun, others on the run, or swimming across the river. The largest I killed, with stones and a stick, had 15 rattles still attached, a number had perhaps worn off; he was, therefore, a patriarch. The largest and oldest I ever saw anywhere had 23 rattles still on and in good working order.



NIAGARA.—HORSE SHOE FALL, FROM BELOW TABLE ROCK, QUEEN VICTORIA PARK.
(Mr. J. Zybach, photo.)



TORONTO, June 26, 1891.

The secretary of the Canadian Woman's Enfranchisement Association has received a most kind letter of sympathy from the Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage in England on "the great loss which has befallen the enfranchisement of women in Canada by the death of Sir John Macdonald." "They bear in grateful remembrance," the communication goes on to say, "that he, as Premier, gave this cause the prestige of his influence by providing for the enfranchisement of women in the Electoral Bill of 1885." This letter is signed: Millicent Garrett Fawcett (in the chair); Helen Blackburn, secretary.

...

Many of the friends of the Enfranchisement of Women in Canada will be glad that their sisters in England have so remembered the dead Premier. Too many are in the habit of thinking, or expressing the belief, that no matter what the Conservative Premier said on this subject, or did for the cause, his conservatism, by which they mean generally a stolid obstinacy, which admits no need of progress—or, as they would call it, of reform—would forbid Sir John Macdonald from being honest in so advanced a matter; this is so far from being a correct view that in a private letter, so long ago as 1886, the Premier expressed a warm desire that women might have the vote, and, moreover, use it for him. That he died before such a consummation as the vote for women had been reached, should spur the friends of the movement to greater exertion on its behalf.

...

The terrible heat—92 in the shade—and a kind invitation took me to Grimsby for a day or two last week; it was my first visit, and I enjoyed it fully. Over "The Mountain" hung, for two days, a 'mountain mist,' heavy, dark and threatening, an unusual phenomena, I am told, and a novelty to me, a dweller in plains the greater part of my life, with only occasional glimpses of Wales and Scotland at periods when mists do not gather. The Grimsby mist enabled me to realize a little the terrors attending being caught in one, a predicament so often and realistically dwelt upon by romancists.

...

But I did get a good view of that "point," as the great bluff that overhangs the village is called, and gazed at it with a little flutter of excitement at my heart, and a very appreciable degree of enquiring interest in my head when I was informed that it was the signalling station between York and Niagara in the war of 1812. I learned a good deal more—this, however, is not the place for historic disquisition, therefore I will only say that the promise of lovely peach orchards on every hand in that fertile plain is excellent, and that roses are there as plentiful as strawberries, and fill every corner.

The botanist and fern collector have a mine of riches at their command at Grimsby, and, what is rather unusual, the inhabitants have learned to value and cultivate their ferns.

...

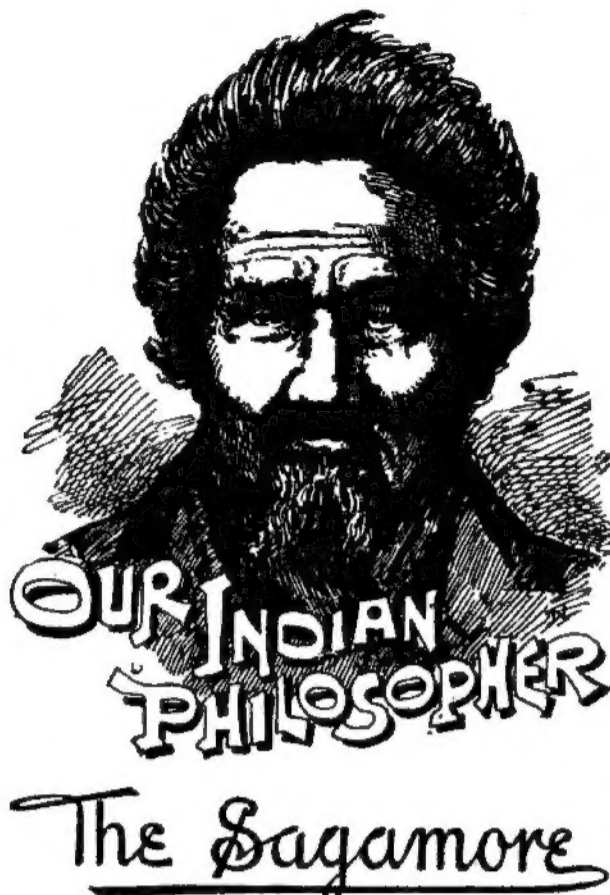
Grimsby Park, on the lake shore, will be in full swing as a pleasure resort next week. It is a pretty place, affording the usual advantages and disadvantages of suburban summer resorts.

...

A very strange phenomenon, unexplained as yet, spoils the freshness of the lake air, and probably the water too, namely, millions of small fish, all dead, which have covered the surface of the lake for some days past.

The "Carmona," to and from Grimsby, ploughed her way through shoal after shoal of these fish, and the shores have been so thickly strewn with them at the island that the city health officer, Dr. Allen, has had men at work for a day or two burying them. As fish make excellent manure it is to be hoped their usefulness has not been lost sight of.

S. A. CURZON.



The reporter thrust a Bible (King James' version) into each pocket, and with the sentiment, "Faith, Hope, Charity—these three—but the greatest of these is Charity," singing in his heart its sweet refrain, set forth for the abode of the Sagamore.

Mr. Paul sat in the cool depths of an umbrageous grove, calmly enjoying the prospect stretching away through the deep arched aisles to the edge of the grove and across the meadows to the hills and the sky beyond.

The reporter approached and stacked his Bibles.

"You gonto have camp-meetin'?" queried the sagamore.

"My brother," the reporter answered, with academic fervour, "I have come that we may take grave and earnest counsel together. A CRISIS has occurred!"

"What's crisis?"

"You will understand when I tell you that I met a Roman Catholic last week, and the fellow actually addressed me! I tell you, sir,"—raising his voice to a higher pitch—"the audacity of these people is becoming unbearable. It is a menace to the state and a source of the most anxious misgiving to all good men."

"You good man?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Far be it from me, my brother," piously rejoined the reporter, "to exalt my own virtues. Alas! We are all sinners."

"Huh!" grunted the sagamore.

"But something," pursued the reporter, "must be done to check the arrogance of Rome. Why, sir, who knows but that, if we keep silence, a person—I will not say a man—of that faith—pardon me—of that idolatry, may aspire to become prime minister?"

"Well," said Mr. Paul, "S'pose he did?"

"What! A Roman Catholic prime minister! What did our sainted ancestors fight for?" The reporter raised his voice again. "What did they fight for? Shall we calmly yield up the liberties made sacred by their blood?"

"What liberties?"

"Liberty of conscience, sir!"

"What does that mean?"

"It means, sir, that every man shall be free to worship God in his own way."

"Does that mean Catholics too?"

"Well, of course, if they persist in the error of their ways we shall not treat them with violence. But we must guard our liberties."

"What about theirs?" queried the sage.

"Sir," said the reporter, again with academic fervour, "would you allow an untamed tiger his liberty? Would you destroy the safeguards and allow a pestilence to sweep the land?"

"Ain't seen any tigers round here," said Mr. Paul.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "the velvet paw—the velvet paw! But the claws are there, ready to be unsheathed and rend us. We must guard our liberties! They were won by our ancestors in the teeth of Rome, witches, freethinkers—and everybody else except people who thought as they did. They did nobly, and it is for us to follow their example."

"Ain't any witches round here," said Mr. Paul.

"True," said the reporter, "our ancestors burned them all. Now, if we can get rid of Popery the world will be all right."

"What about freethinkers?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Alas!" admitted the reporter, "their numbers do not decrease as rapidly as we could wish; but just now we must strangle the Scarlet Woman ere her brood o'erwhelms us."

"Seems to me you got po'ly hard time to run this world," observed the sagamore.

"The task is no easy one," sadly rejoined the reporter. "The difficulties are tremendous."

"I s'pose," pursued the sagamore, "Manitou told you He give you leave to run this world—eh?"

"I would not presume to claim any such distinction," humbly replied the reporter. "What I do, I do in His name."

"Good many things been done in his name," grimly commented the sagamore, "that I wouldn't like to have done in my name. I don't b'lieve Manitou liked 'um, either."

"True," said the reporter. "The atrocities of the Inquisition were blasphemously committed in His name."

"Wasn't any blasphemy on the other side any time, I s'pose?" questioned Mr. Paul.

"Our cause," majestically rejoined the reporter, "has always been a righteous one. And now a great EVIL threatens us. As I said before, we may even see a Roman Catholic aspire to be Prime Minister. The arrogance of Rome is a growing menace to our country. I sound the tocsin of alarm. I call upon all good citizens to rise in their might and save this Canada of ours!"

"Young man," said Mr. Paul, "I want you to listen to me little while. Whenever I hear any man talk like you talk it makes me sorry—for him. I'm sorry for you. You go round every day 'mong Roman Catholics—you see 'um pay their debts—see 'um do good things—see 'um act same way like other people. You say if they had chance they kill every Protestant if he don't b'lieve what they b'lieve. You try to prove that by goin' back two, three hundred years ago and tell what Catholics done then. S'pose I told you what Protestants done 'way back long time ago—then s'pose I tell you they do same thing now if they got chance. If I tell you that you tell me people what you call good 'e more enlightened now. Ain't that so?"

"It is quite true," admitted the reporter, "that some slight excesses of those days would be impossible in this enlightened age—among Protestants."

"'Mong Catholics too," asserted Mr. Paul.

"Do I understand you to say," demanded the reporter, "that an Inquisition would be as impossible among the Catholics of to-day as witch burning, for instance, among Protestants?"

"That's what I mean. This world ain't stood still for three hundred years."

"But we must not compromise with EVIL," protested the reporter. "There must be no truckling to Romanism."

"It seems to me," said the sagamore, "that if you look all over this world—see how strong that church is—how many good men been in it—how many men from it been ready to git killed in this country and other countries long time ago—how they try to stop slavery in Africa (like I heard one of our boys read about last week)—when you think 'bout all that church is—all it does—how it stood so long and is so strong to-day—it seems to me it must have some good somewheres in it. Mebbe it ain't got enough what you call charity," the old man added with a touch of irony, "but it kin learn that from Protestants like you."

"You're a short-sighted old fool!" cried the reporter, and gathered up his Bibles and went away. If he had met Sir John Thompson or a Jesuit that day there would have been blood on the moon.